THE COMMONWEAL

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CONTENTS

The Government of the Free 561
Week by Week 563
A Forward Step in Reunion 567
The Catholic Critic 568
Mussolini and the Vatican ..... L. J. S. Wood 569
Crucifixus (*verse*) ..... Joseph Frant-Walsh 570
The Art of Concha Espina ..... Frances Douglas 571
Color Days at Ellis Island ..... Mary Fagin 573
Innovations in Opera ..... Grenville Vernon 574
Garden of Concha Espina (*verse*) ..... Translated by Thomas Walsh 575
Christian Archaeology ..... William Franklin Sands 576
March Kites (*verse*) ..... Harold Vinal 576
Poems of the Passion ..... Mildred Fowler Field, Josephine Johnson, Violet Alleyn Storey, Padraic Colum 577
Communications 578
The Play ..... R. Dana Skinner, Henry Longan Stuart 581
Books ..... Ernest Sutherland Bates, Gladys Chandler Graham, Thomas Walsh, Catherine Radziwill 582
The Quiet Corner 587

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE FREE

THE chief of police caused a stir of some amplitude in Washington society by predicting that, if the present rate of arrests were kept up, more than a quarter of the city's total population would be summoned to court during the current year. He was not amusing himself with a caricature. The situation indicated in his warning happens to be very soberly and gauntly typical.

The scope of government regulation has expanded so far during recent years that instead of affording, as it is supposed to, harmonious interaction between the various groups and interests of the population, it practically brings human traffic to a standstill wherever it acts with real efficiency. The abiding chaos of the machinery which presumes to govern traffic in alcohol is, perhaps, the most widely advertised object-lesson; but the disarray is scarcely less great in a multitude of other cases where rules are expected to control vital, and therefore constantly changing, economic and domestic activities.

No one need wonder that students of politics are more and more insistently calling attention to the weakness of the democratic hypothesis that government is a rubber-stamp remedy for the ills of man. What is really astonishing is the continued plea for more laws, more civic supervision, which is voiced by certain organizations. These, in spite of their occasional valuable moral earnestness, seem to be distinguished first of all by a Rip Van Winkleish indifference to the last twenty years. For these two decades, whatever else they may have failed to accomplish for human welfare, have completely knocked in the head the romantic fetish of sacrosanct and inviolable state control. When we recall to what extent the socialist program—which was merely a chain of accurate deductions from the premise of an all-wise government—had colored all plans for social reform at the opening of the century, we seem to be thinking about an era far distant from our own. Time has proved how impossible it is to correlate legal enactment and economic change; how far aloof even an honest legislative body is from an understanding of the actual industrial scene; and how difficult it is for anything but a hard-fisted lobby to put even a harmless measure through a committee. The very background of political control has collapsed; for if it had solid support at all, that was public confidence. Does this exist today?

The answer is to be found on the lips of those engaged in the industrial battle. In announcing the new policy of the American Federation of Labor, President Green last year stressed the necessity for looking ahead to a time when workingmen would share the

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responsibilities of management and would bargain squarely on their own feet. At least two very recent incidents have indicated the soundness of this view. The first was the settlement of the anthracite strike through the agency of Mr. Richard F. Grant, who voiced the growing repudiation of government control in the following picturesque diction: "When a coal strike develops, many champions of the people with political hopes start to develop ways and means to capitalize the situation for their own benefit. The first thing they do is to convince the public of their general love for humanity. There is no publicity value in being a private lover, and so their love is proclaimed loudly. The next thing to do is to have a plan or to offer their good offices. This is done so that when the strike is settled they can point with pride to their helpfulness. Generally, their plan follows the Episcopal marriage ceremony or Mrs. Rorer's Cook Book." And it must be admitted that it was Mr. Grant and his associated conferenciers who ended the disastrous coal war, while Washington stood looking on with its hands tied.

The second incident is probably still more significant. Although Americans had grown accustomed to such constructive industrial developments as the Baltimore and Ohio plan for "union management coöperation," the stand outlined in the Watson-Parker bill for the abandonment of the Railroad Labor Board was none the less novel. This bill might almost be termed, from the modern point of view, an exemplary measure for the regulation of economic differences. It authorizes arbitration on the basis of a code formulated and adopted by railway employees and owners; it appeals for a decision to boards comprised of men from within the industry; and it makes federal law inoperative in so far as final settlement is concerned. One might almost say that the old Railroad Labor Board was the critical test of what government could do in the regulation of industry. It developed out of public experience with the management of traffic, and to some extent it dovetailed into the functions of the Interstate Commerce Commission. That it should now be repudiated is no less crucial an indication of which way affairs and opinion are moving.

We might add to these two achievements others of more remote but scarcely less significant interest. For instance, the development of industrial standardization into the work now being accomplished by the American Engineering Standards Committee is probably one of the most important economic accomplishments of our time. Mass production made it practically impossible to avoid continuous disputes about the relative accuracy with which contracts were carried out, either between employer and employee, or between producer and purchaser. If wooden pegs specified in the contract were to be six inches long, what could be done if upon delivery most of them proved a millimetre shorter? The attempt to find an answer by appealing to the courts resulted in an almost infinite wrangling with no prospect for definite settlement. By virtue of authority granted to it by cöoperative consent wholly within industry, the Standards Committee and its subsidiaries now settle all such differences in conformity with an intelligent and constantly improving code. And this is only one instance of the rapidly growing consciousness of industry that its problems are its own, and that an appeal to outside jurisdiction is both costly and futile.

And yet there is certainly a legitimate sphere for the operation of government in the task of promoting human welfare. We are beginning to see, for example, that the relation between production and the cost of living is not so much a matter of battle between a greedy employer and a needy worker as it is an affair of stable monetary value. Manufacturing depends for its success upon how much purchasing power there may be to dispose of the product; standards of living depend almost entirely upon how much produce can be obtained with the available purchase power. In other words, government has been misled in its social efforts by the more or less conscious assumption that the Marxian analysis of economics was correct. To a large extent its failure may be traced, not so much to dishonesty or incapacity, as to the failure to grasp a sound philosophy of action. The future may, therefore, witness an improved state action for the guarantee of the public social welfare, provided sufficiently energetic leadership for sound principles can be found. And certainly it is of interest to see how the problems of agriculture are now being linked up with credit—not wages—in such schemes as the organization of cooperative marketing.

If we may return to a problem of especial importance to the readers of this magazine, it is patent that the present effort to monopolize the system of public education in the United States is decidedly not in line with advanced, practical thought concerning the proper sphere of federal influence. Its affiliations are all with the antiquated socialistic mind. It assumes that the training of the young is not the burning business of those who have the only legitimate title to the young, but to the state and its bureaucracies. Perhaps the heart of the educational controversy might not unfairly be stated in this fashion: The family is the noblest and most important of industrial enterprises, because its product is men and women; and neither its difficulties nor its dividends can be surrendered, without the gravest violation of both sense and justice, to the dominion of outsiders. We can no more afford government regulation of mind and character formation than we can afford the iron monotony of politics in business life. Indeed, we can afford it far less, because we live by the hope that our children shall be citizens, indeed, but also shadows of ourselves and, however distantly, mirrors reflecting the noble freedom of Divinity.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE series of sharp antagonisms at Geneva has involved American opinion of the League more deeply than might have been expected when the great argument between France and Germany was opened. Brazil's demand for a permanent place on the Council, fatal as it was to last minute hopes for a compromise, strengthens a conclusion which might have been drawn long since from the inertia of public opinion in the United States—the conclusion that the League is preeminently a European assembly, concerned with continental problems, and dedicated to the guarantee of peace between peoples whose relations one with the other are governed by traditions and interests unique in kind. Very likely a way out of the impasse created by the Brazilian representative can be found, primarily because of the good will of the existing German government. But what if compromise should have been spurned? The Locarno compacts, together with most of the prestige gained by the League during recent years, would have lost their meaning, and Europe would be just as close to chaos as she was during the era of the first great Bolshevik offensive. An American nation, by merely injecting its otherwise legitimate point of view into the debate, could wreck the chief business of the League.

ON the other hand, the effort of some to disparage the disarmament conference and to predict the meaninglessness of the World Court is wholly reprehensible. If any political fact is clear, it is the obvious truth that the United States can take its share in the work of these bodies without identifying itself with the League. They afford opportunity for legitimate joint sessions in which affairs of justice and expediency common to America and Europe can be dealt with. Why not recognize the distinction? Why not shape our international consciousness in the manner dictated by the logic of events? While recognizing to the full the value of the League as an organization for the pacific betterment of Europe, we can, if we are willing, begin the task of forming a similar society for the American continents—a society which, as history indicates, has already been prepared for by long-lived experiments, and for which a multitude of difficulties clamor at the present time for settlement. With this for our goal, we might find it easy to coöperate with the European will for world stability without forever entangling ourselves in reservations and awkward suspicions. We could go to Geneva for a conference without advertising to the world the fact that we expected to be taken in.

INDEED, the "carefulness" of the administration is occasionally quite painful. In the face of repeated charges and denials, no one can safely assert that the gloomy comment on Locarno and the League which the press of the country gathered up in Washington originated with Ambassador Houghton. Unfortunately, the rest of the world argued that it must have come from him, because obviously an intelligent State Department would not express an opinion without weighing the evidence supplied by its most important foreign representatives. In the face of what remains to be done for disarmament and international law, this deduction is not so salutary as some that might be mentioned. Is it fear of succumbing to the blandishments of moral alliance with Britain which makes all our world policy so dilatory and indecisive? Or has the political scare created by the permanently irreconcilable intimidated the administration? At all events, the present fear of doing something—anything, in fact—to use American public opinion for world betterment is as comically old-maidish as it is disastrous civically. If Ambassador Houghton did make a report that lacked the radiant tints of optimism, the result ought really to have been, not a panicky summons to retreat from the world scene, but a new resolve to make our energies count for something in the victory that must be gained.

THOUGH the action of Congress in authorizing bids from private corporations on Muscle Shoals makes the destination of this government property a subject for further spirited public debate, it does not indicate a speedy disposition of the problem. In all likelihood, neither the law nor the bids can be made concrete before Congress agrees to go its separate ways. The social action department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference takes advantage of the interim to recall the official dictum "that government

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competition with certain kinds of monopoly deserves more attention than it has yet received," and to ask favorable consideration for the bill introduced by Senator Norris. This provides for a government corporation to supply such an amount of nitrates as are needed for the public defense, and to develop to the utmost the hydro-electric power lying idle in the project. The difference between a "government corporation" and a "private lease," we are told, "is the difference between operation of government property for the benefit of the people, and operation in the interests of a private monopoly." This statement is clearly true if the bids to be submitted are no better than the sixpenny sop offered by Mr. Henry Ford. But it still remains within the realms of possibility that some new private offer, subject to reasonable control, will be of greater advantage to the country at large than a federal experiment in power production. It is not convincing to predict the success of such an experiment on the basis of what a few municipal power systems have been able to accomplish. We feel that the Senate is right in not committing the government to a final policy until all aspects of the case for private operation can have been investigated. The bill authorizing the submission of bids is therefore rather plainly a move in accordance with sane, sober, government common sense.

BECAUSE the Laetare Medal, conferred every year by the University of Notre Dame, is the most signal distinction obtainable by a Catholic layman, the news of its award is of general public interest. Among the number of those who have received the honor are persons unforgettable because of achievement on behalf of human welfare—philanthropists, eminent physicians, artists and writers. Not one of these, we feel sure, but might well applaud the Laetare Medalist of 1926. Mr. Edward Nash Hurley, of Chicago, is really too widely known to require introduction through a summary of his good deeds. Having gained business success by reason of effort and personal integrity, he was among the first to see the possibilities open to United States industry in foreign trade, and to undertake the difficult task of earning the good will of South America. It was only natural that during the critical business years which came with the war, he should have been selected as one of those best fitted to solve the problems of transportation and commissariat created by the rise of a vast army. Later he dedicated his energies to the promotion of the merchant marine, the story of which is preserved in his own spirited book. All in all, his career has been a salutary example of unusual business energy devoted only secondarily to the satisfaction of personal ambition, and given primarily to the service of his people. In conferring the Laetare Medal upon him, the University is not merely a donor, but the agent of grateful public opinion as well.

WHEN Stanley Sanatulski, of Brooklyn, figured in the news, it was as the subject of an abrupt obituary notice: "He was then sent to Kings County Hospital, where he died last night." But the events which led to this stoical finale were, to say the least, of a significance which made their victim a kind of index to the ruthlessness of civilization as it is. The patrolman who found Sanatulski on the pavement, surrounded by a curious crowd, was aware of the truth that this inert human bundle had certain rights—perhaps even a certain innate royalty. But so great is the extent of the twine in which social ministration is involved, that the starving man—utterly exhausted from lack of food—could not be attended to by a physician before he had been packed into a prison cell, where he collapsed and had to be carried in for his sentence. A sentence for starving! Meanwhile, the pampered were rustling southward, bank-stock was soaring to new figures, and the custodians of the public conscience were, on the whole, satisfied with the machinery of charitable relief. Perhaps all the comfortable would have been shocked a little by the news from Brooklyn. Many might vote it a matter of stupid bungling by a physician who, very likely only a little interested in a down-and-outer, considered he did not have "a hospital case."

BUT the plain point of the affair is that human beings can starve in the midst of plenty. Granted a person bewildered by the machinery of urbanism, rebuffed by the professional ministers of mercy, and unable to master the art of begging, and you have a man who can go on peering about for a job until all days of labor are ended. There is seldom a welcome—a cordial greeting—for the poor. Why, the caustically ironical may ask, should there be? A man who loses out in the business of life as completely as Mr. Sanatulski, has of course failed utterly to take advantage of opportunity. Indifferent to cults of "new thought" which might have strengthened his will-power, unaware possibly of the truth that the "secret of success is thrift," he paid the penalty for his incredibly enormous stupidity. Even so slight a matter as joining the Elks might have saved him. Obviously the humane ought to begin a system of propaganda—huge electrical signs in public parks, for instance—to inform the incompetent about the various modern methods of personal progress. Only one thing must not be done—no advertisement shall tell a starving man of a place where feeding him will be considered a pleasure, in memory of the suffering Christ.

WHAT was described as a "spirited debate" took place recently at the Hotel Astor, when members of the Legislative League of New York aired their views on an alleged "neglect of the wage-earning partner" which overcomes the great adventure when children

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have added one more peril to its much advertised tendency to founder in storms and shallows. Since a recent questionnaire to 68¼ percent of Princeton graduates who are married revealed that the average family has produced 1 48/100 children, the danger, in some quarters, looks as though it were providing its own remedy. But in others, less sophisticated or less circumspect, it is acute. As one complainant put it, with homely realism, "there's no doubt that when the kiddies come, the wife forgets she owes an obligation to her husband. She forgets to be his pal. She stays at home, and then, by degrees, her husband goes out and then some 'smarty' comes along."

THOSE of us who have lived through the era when families of five, six, and seven children were a commonplace, and into the epoch of the fractional (and fractious) household, will have a shrewd idea that what is at fault is not the number of children who bless a union, but the unwise intensity of mother-love when it is concentrated on one or two. The tendency of "junior" to absorb and claim as his right a volume of attention that should have been distributed over a baker's half-dozen of little brothers and sisters, does not make for family peace and concord. The child, or even the pair of children, to which the family is often limited today, pay a big price for the misdirected foresight of their parents. Not only do they miss the healthy competition, the rough and tumble of life lived in common, and the suppression of egotism which the world will have to teach them later and far less gently, but from their very dependence upon the society of their elders they not infrequently introduce an added element of irritation at the times when the domestic situation is undergoing strain. Father Faber, years ago, had some hard words to say about the "inordinateness" of the exemplary domestic character. It is a common experience that this inordinateness, upon which, as the ladies of the Legislative League confess, the family too often is shipwrecked, may be in inverse proportion to the number of hostages which husband and wife have given to fortune.

THERE is literary tradition that a very mild-mannered man can cut a throat, and cut it with neatness and despatch. But just how a blow with a billy is to be reconciled with the minor graces is not clear. The Washington police, who have just been instructed by Superintendent Edwin B. Hesse to hit prisoners who are resisting arrest "in a courteous way," may well be wondering whether their executive's own head has met with accident. Perhaps Mr. Hesse had just been brushing up on Maeterlinck. The Belgian master, in a purple passage upon the pugilist, has described for us the poise and dignity that accrues to the man who knows he can end any discussion that has grown tiresome by a single blow, delivered at the right time and in the right place. Such a man, we are told, "exhales peace like a flower." Or perhaps he was recalling Mr. Walter Hampden in Cyrano, and the sonnet improvised by that lovable swashbuckler, at the concluding word of whose sextet a discourteous adversary, who had commented upon the famous nose, is sent to hospital—or eternity. The spectacle of a Washington cop, reciting a versified edition of the civic code and accompanying it with graceful passades from his night-stick until the moment comes for the psychological and sleep-inducing thwack, may yet be vouchsafed us. One thing is certain. The courtesy and grace with which the knock-out blow is administered will depend on two essential features—swiftness and reliability.

WHILE the Fascisti dream of a new imperial Rome, the plain citizens of Chicago are hard at work turning their most ungainly districts into a maze of towers and boulevards expressive of modern industrial energy. Destined for extinction, the old water-front with its haggard cobblestones, its dingy markets, and its stands where the men of all races haggle over produce, makes ready for its journey into the pages of history. What is to come—spacious, two-level drives to feed the continuously throbbing artery of Michigan Avenue, and tall houses for commerce—also makes an interesting reference to the past. It recalls the stupendous, for that epoch almost unrivaled, architectural effort made to create the Exposition City in 1894. Americans then rubbed their eyes in astonishment at the fairy-like tapestry of pinnacles, gardens, domes, and archways which all seemed to have been hurried into existence by some capable Aladdin for a day. Then was born the vision of a beautiful Chicago, and indeed of an America fashioning loveliness out of its own primeval chaos; and many clung to the dream resolutely, even while mile on mile of ghastly tenement structures and wan little flats crept out over the vast sandy plain on which destiny had decreed that a city should stand. For the most part, however, the citizenry forgot all about the hope, being far more certain of stifling stockyard odors on sultry nights, or of the endless squalor of the Negro quarter and the ghetto. But have the few been right after all? Is the "new" Chicago a return to the vigorous impulse of 1894? Many will hope so, not least of all those whose share in the wealth that is to fringe the vast new boulevards can only be very small. For the glory and beauty of a community does bring forgetfulness of individual deprivation, as the lonely plainsman is awed by his vision of the common stars in the heavens.

THE venture of preparatory education is nothing more nor less than an attempt to solve the problems of adolescence. Today we know more specifically what these are, but our methods for dealing with them are to a large extent lamentably undeveloped and un-

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formed. It begins to be apparent that—after a variety of modernisms have run their course—the solid, steadfast, educational art of Loyola and other great religious instructors is far more adequate than anything proposed to take its place. Unusual interest attaches, therefore, to the recent resolve of the Benedictines of Fort Augustus Abbey, Scotland, to open a preparatory school at Portsmouth, Rhode Island. Those who know the value of Benedictine culture to such countries as Austria—where, as someone has said, "the fragrance of old minsters is in the intellectual atmosphere"—will long since have wished that the educational work done by this old order in the United States might be extended far beyond its already sizeable area. The school at Portsmouth, however, will be to some extent an innovation. It will attempt to bring to this country the character of the English public school, taking for its chief purpose the training of young men for leadership in civic life. The success of Downside Abbey in this regard is known to all the world; and the endeavor of its derivative school ought to prove similarly useful. As an augury for the future, one may recall that recently the parent English foundations have attracted a number of educated American men, who now take their share in the task of instruction at Fort Augustus Abbey and elsewhere. From the ranks of these will come the pioneer teachers of the Rhode Island school, all well equipped to carry on the great Benedictine tradition; and thus once again the workers gather and depart, in the ancient monastic fashion which knows neither boundaries nor bonds.

AN encouraging sign in the campaign against indecency in England, may be seen in the conduct of a well-known Catholic author, Mr. Shane Leslie, in voluntarily withdrawing a novel which, in its general character, had won the commendations of the literary critics. The story was concerned with life at Cambridge University, and dealt in the main with religious subjects, but it also contained certain passages introducing unusually outspoken statements on sex. The Public Prosecutor, Sir Chartres Biron, when the matter was brought up in the Bow Street Court, declared he had read the book in question and found two or three passages of so gross a kind that he would have had no hesitation in issuing an order of suppression, had not the author, after receiving a public reprimand from the Bishop of Northampton, agreed on his own part to withdraw the offending work. His statement gives hope to the advocates of propriety and decency in our public prints; it shows that among Catholics, at least, there is a censorship of conscience real and effective in its workings. The penitent author makes the following declaration which can leave no doubt of its existence: "Though the majority of my characters are ascetic, I must regret the sensualism I have inexcusably described. A calm re-reading makes for the humiliation, and even despair, of the author. There can be no excuse nor apology, except to those who must most regret to have to call me a Catholic man of letters."

IT is pleasant to note the sympathetic interest in our recent correspondence and articles on liturgical matters shown by the well-known Episcopal clergyman who writes as "Presbyter Ignotus" for the columns of The Living Church. The interest of our friend is, however, considerably keener than his discernment. To find our discussion described as part of "an 'Americanizing' movement in the Roman communion" would be merely amusing if it were not so indicative of grave misapprehension which we feel bound to correct. In the first place, all that is included in the idea of liturgical reform—the restoration of the Gregorian chant, popular participation in the liturgy, cultivation of the best artistic traditions in regard to vestments and church furnishings—has made far more progress in Europe than in America. To speak of the movement as an "Americanizing" tendency is as fantastic as it would be to speak of its very noteworthy progress in France as "Gallicanizing." True as it is that Rome itself has not been free from liturgical decadence and inferior standards of ecclesiastical art, it is also true that no one has done more for reform than the Roman Pontiff, Pius X, of saintly memory, whose Motu Proprio on Church music has been the Magna Charta of the movement. Presbyter Ignotus is not unaware of this, yet he persists in talking about "Americanizing." If Pius X was an Americanizer, Presbyter Ignotus is a Buddhist!

OUR remark about not being too proud to take a lesson from separated brethren, though we thought we had made it clear, seems to have been misunderstood. We meant, of course, that the devotion of a certain group of Anglicans to all that is liturgically and aesthetically best in the Catholic tradition held a valuable lesson for many Catholics. Nothing, since frank speech is necessary, could be further from our thoughts than admiration for Anglican religious nationalism, Anglican fondness for teaching the hierarchy how to be "Catholic," Anglican zeal for converting the Church to orthodoxy. Presbyter Ignotus praises us for fighting for "ancient ways as against modern," and, somewhat inconsistently, finds that the logical outcome of our efforts would be a vernacular liturgy. We fight for ancient ways, not as ancient, but when such ways seem to represent a sounder tradition. And as for that symptom of religious nationalism, a vernacular liturgy, it ought to be unnecessary to say that it forms no part of our aims. It ought also to be unnecessary, but for the enlightenment of Presbyter Ignotus it may be well, to state that our zeal for liturgical reform is entirely secondary to our devotion to Catholic authority, and that we could not conceivably hold any views or advocate any measures incompatible with the completest loyalty to the hierarchy and the Holy See.

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THE occasions upon which a protest, made in the name of taste and fair dealing and which has commercial expediency as the counter party, registers any success at all are very rare. It is all the more satisfactory to find that the stand made in the Catholic Standard and Times of Philadelphia against the foisting on the public of an edition of Monsignor Benson's Upper Room, edited out of all Catholicity by its publishers, has taken effect and that the "revised" version is to be issued under a title which will clear up any confusion. The defense made by those responsible for the change leaves the charge that a very real injustice was done to a dead author, about where it was. The "executors" who consented to the new version turn out to be, as everyone suspected, non-Catholics. The imprimatur of the diocesan, as instructed Catholics were fully aware, merely certified that the new version contained nothing contrary to faith or morals and, in the nature of things, did not cover the question of the omissions complained of. The "Catholic advisers" who urged the publication of the new version remain anonymous. Under all the circumstances, The Commonweal sees no reason to depart from the comment it had to make upon its Philadelphia contemporary's stand for literary justice, and notes with pleasure that The Tablet, the leading Catholic organ in Monsignor Benson's own country, took exactly the same position.

AN announcement that may well close this disagreeable incident comes in the form of news that a dramatic version of The Upper Room, as Monsignor Benson wrote it, is to be given in New York at the auditorium of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, on West 143 Street, on the evenings of March 29 and 30. The locale at which this little classic of the Passion is to be performed is no matter of accident. Its association with the person of the author and preacher and playwright, is of very old standing, for it was at this church that he preached, through several Lenten seasons, a course of sermons upon the Passion in which the share of the Mother of God, excluded from the new version by worldly-wise publishers and executors, was given its just and traditional place. In his invitation to Catholics to be present, Monsignor McMahon, pastor of the church, to whose righteous indignation a great deal of the pressure that has forced the question to the front is due, puts the matter conclusively when he says: "Your attendance at this presentation will be in the nature of a protest. Protestant publishers have mutilated The Imitation of Christ, distorted the great thirteenth-century Ave Maria of Arcadelt to suit their erroneous views, robbed us of our great Catholic hymns or changed their meaning, eviscerated Newman's classic, The Dream of Gerontius, until public clamor forced them to restore the original. It is time Catholics warn these destroyers of a dead man's work that tolerance has a limit."

A FORWARD STEP IN REUNION

THOSE who have been following the trend of affairs among the members of the Orthodox church in this country know that the upheaval and breakdown of its organization in Europe have had their echoes here also. The controversy between Archbishop Platon and the rival claimants to his place at the Russian Cathedral in New York, is by no means the only trouble among the adherents of this communion. Similar difficulties are being encountered in many places. Dissatisfaction with the dissensions in orthodoxy is creating a much more receptive attitude toward Catholicism among many of their priests and people than has hitherto existed, and the natural "bridge" in this direction is in the Catholics of the eastern rite who are of the same racial stocks and who, because of similarity of language and customs, can secure a contact scarcely possible to a Latin Catholic.

A great step toward this rapprochement has been taken in the recent arrangement between the Right Reverend Constantine Bohachevsky, bishop of the Ruthenian Greek Catholic diocese of the United States, and the Reverend Augustine Galen, president of the Catholic Union, whereby these two will work together in the furtherance of the Catholic Union Seminary which has just been opened in Philadelphia at the request of the Holy See, for the education of American-born priests of the Greek rite in the United States.

The seminary is at present most inadequately housed and plans have been drawn for a modern building to accommodate 100 students, and costing upwards of $250,000. Priests of the eastern rite will be in charge and will give part of the instruction, though the lower studies will be under the care of a community of teaching Brothers. The Sisters of the Order of Saint Basil the Great will have charge of the domestic department. The importance of this new enterprise can scarcely be overestimated. The racial prejudices and nationalistic problems which so frequently offer serious barriers to reunion work abroad, are toned down or entirely obliterated in this country, for, as Bishop Bohachevsky said in a recent interview, "we are all Americans here." The mingling in school of these youths, who come from all parts of the country and from the dioceses of both Bishop Bohachevsky and Bishop Takach, will weld all the racial elements closer together, and, as they go forth, they will bring their own people into more intimate touch with American life and thought.

Outside the religious phase of the question, the average American is apt to ask: "Why should these two bodies of people, the Orthodox and the Greek Catholics, holding almost identical doctrines, worshipping with the same ceremonies, and racially so closely allied, continue to duplicate effort?" And we ask: "Why, indeed?" The Roman Catholic Church, with its freedom from state entanglements or political questions, and its world-wide membership, offers just the

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solution that is needed. The ancestors of all these people were once within her fold, and their present differences are in reality slight. In coming back to her unity they lose none of the rites or ceremonies which are so dear to them, and which are so ingrained into their lives. With the reunion of orthodoxy the goal of unity among all believers would be almost won.

May not the beginnings of that unity, so exactly in accord with the will of Christ, and so ardently desired by the Holy Father, be begun right here through this new Catholic Union Seminary? We believe so, and it is an effort toward unity and Americanization which deserves the most hearty support.

THE CATHOLIC CRITIC

GENIUS has been defined, once for all, as "an infinite capacity for taking pains," and a great proportion of the mediocrity that invests current literature comes from the discredit that has descended upon form and the stress of approval that has been transferred to content and relish in presentment.

The change, which profounder critics abroad have traced to the prevalence of Bergsonian theories of intuition and spontaneity, not only is to the detriment of literature, but is beginning to cast discredit upon criticism itself. Driven to occupy himself with the second-rate and the recondite through sheer lack of something of prime significance into which he can set his teeth, the critic finds himself faced with a dilemma. He can fall into a sour and surly attitude to modern letters generally, with a corresponding loss of influence, or he can abandon the principles that were once the bones and sinews of his judgment in favor of an indulgence that throws the aegis of individual style round what he knows in his heart is sheer bad and loose writing. "The art of writing in a live, direct, and inspiring manner," says Abbé Calvet, in a recent number of La Vie Catholique, "is something that is only acquired by degrees and by patient work under good masters. Long years are necessary to break the spell of bad habits, to arrive at a point where no phrase is used which does not convey the idea in all its naked force, and to control the personal literary instrument which permits us to express something of what we think and feel."

If this be true of criticism conducted from the purely technical point of view, it is doubly true of the Catholic critic. He, by reason of his very profession, is forbidden to subscribe to the current dualism of life. The path he is forced to tread in consequence is a narrow and perilous one. He may not in conscience consider any estimate he puts forth an honest piece of work unless it takes note of the purpose, ethical or unethical, which lies behind a façade of plausibility and fine writing. On the other hand, the mere suspicion that dogmatic distaste is blinding him to literary merit will be sufficient to destroy an authority which it is all important he should preserve, if his function is to have any meaning at all outside the circle of those who share his spiritual allegiance.

The difficulty is a real one, as any Catholic critic knows who is worth his salt, but it is by no means insoluble. Its solution lies in the realm of temper and poise rather than in ex cathedra utterances which the world at large will always assign to a discipline imposed upon his judgment by authority outside. Generally speaking, the world will ponder anything that challenges its assumptions, so long as it is written arrestingly and in its own language. The need is not for more "good-tempered" criticism, of which we have more than enough in America, but for something of the point and pungency which can deflate the dunce and deodorize the pornographist. It was said of the great Catholic critic, Veuillot, of old, and it might be said with equal reason of Chesterton today, that "he always had God and the grammar on his side."

The words in which Abbé Calvet defines the rôle of the Catholic critic are so just and trenchant that nothing is to be gained by paraphrasing them:

"What is left in our own power, normally, is a certain action upon literature in the making. Blind will we be if we overlook it. Literature, by its novels, plays, poetry, essays of every sort, puts into circulation the ideas (or the ghosts of ideas) which tomorrow will lead mankind. Through it, drop by drop, percolate into men's souls the impressions and sentiments which are the source of morality, good or bad. It reaches our very nerves and affects our psychology. We do not pretend we can control it. But we can do a great deal to challenge its effrontery. We are even more capable than we realize of keeping it in certain roads and of imposing upon it certain restraints. To do this is the rôle of the critic. It is the rôle of Catholic criticism generally."

On the other hand, a warning voiced by the French priest, though applied by him only to criticism from the pulpit, is well worth pondering by any Catholic man or woman of letters who essays what is, in point of fact, nothing less than an actual apostolate, and who is concerned lest the common reproach of partial judgment should be attached to his work:

"If the ecclesiastical critic, however, at home in religious knowledge, lacks general culture, historical knowledge and taste, what he has to say will reach only a part of the faithful within the fold. He will lose all authority with the intellectuals outside. With them, his decisions will be regarded as provocations. The effects he will realize will be entirely opposite to those which he sought. The discredit which an ill-equipped critic can cast upon us will never be known. Even though he has made himself the mouthpiece of a group, without any mandate to speak for them, it is the entire group that will be taxed with low mentality. It will be quite simply an unfortunate and disastrous accident."

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MUSSOLINI AND THE VATICAN

By L. J. S. WOOD

A LETTER to the Cardinal Secretary of State is a convenient and the most official and authoritative means used by the Pope to deliver a message on any matter of current interest—not of purely religious interest, for which there are more solemn means of expression. Nor is it used unless the occasion is important. Pope Pius XI has just sent such a letter on the Fascist government's bill for the Reform of Ecclesiastical Legislation.

When the reform was announced it was recognized at once to be a very remarkable legislative proposal, and interest increased with successive reports of the commission charged to frame the bill. The ecclesiastical legislation to be reformed was established while Italy was uniting itself, taking over to itself in the process Church property of enormous value and Church rights of great juridical and greater ecclesiastical importance. The reform cannot well now restore the property, though Signor Mussolini has done a great deal administratively in that regard, but it goes a long way toward restoring the rights. That is fully recognized in responsible ecclesiastical circles. There are several dispositions regarding the status of religious orders—the exequatur for the appointment of bishops, for instance—that might almost have been taken from the text of some of the recent papal concordats.

When the government commission started its work, it recognized that there would be many points on which the assistance of ecclesiastical experts would be valuable. Such assistance was asked for and given. Three prelates put their expert knowledge at the disposal of the commission. In some press comment, however, when the draft report came to be published, the word "collaboration" was used to describe this assistance. Controversy followed, not all of it dignified. The Pope's letter closes all controversy and at the same time shows authoritatively why the word "collaboration" is inadmissible. This magisterial statement must be as welcome to the prime minister as it was necessary for the Vatican.

The letter is interesting as it approaches the old Roman question along a road not used before, the word "collaboration" being in this case the starting point, and the simple, irrefutable argument runs: The ecclesiastical experts were asked to assist the commission; they had permission to do so from the ecclesiastical authorities but no mandate from the Holy See. Conditions being as they are, the legislation is and must be unilateral, and the Holy See cannot accept the principle that the civil power can legislate unilaterally on matters the charge of which is given to the Church by Almighty God. This can only be done by bilateral agreement, in a régime, that is, of concordat. But such a régime is impossible as long as the unjust condition of things established in 1870 and 1871 continues. The Roman question has to be settled first. When you have cleared the ground of that obstacle the two powers can go ahead.

Now, when the Reform of Ecclesiastical Legislation was first put in hand, the importance of it was at once recognized here. It was noted that, if and when a settlement of the Roman question ever came into the realm of actual possibility, such settlement must be accompanied by concordatory articles establishing new conditions of fact in innumerable matters of working arrangement between Church and state. There must be, in fact, a reform of ecclesiastical legislation. The preliminary actuation of such a reform by the government could not but make such a process easier if and when such a moment came. Satisfactory, instead of unsatisfactory conditions of fact on certain working points would exist. All that would remain in that respect would be to change the unilateral dispositions of one power into a bilateral agreement between the two, and, with the presumption, justified by what has been seen of the results, that the dispositions were, on the whole, sound, the consultation necessary would be a comparatively easy process. But the fact always remains that change of existing conditions, settlement, that is to say, of the "question," is necessary preliminary to any concordatory consultation.

Is such settlement any nearer now than it has been before? The general improvement in what may be called sentiment, to distinguish it from anything official, is undeniable. The outlook of the Italian people on the question is very different from what it used to be. Hardly anyone now would uphold the old thesis that "the law of guarantees is a perfect instrument, there is now no Roman question." The press debate of 1921, following the restoration of relations with France, showed a distinct desire for settlement and an understanding of the Vatican case. This sound feeling has been strengthened by the entire change of attitude toward religion and the Church on the part of the present government. Any proposal that Signor Mussolini thought right to put before Parliament would receive its assent, the nation's consent, and the king's most cheerful signature. The great point, once noted happily in the Osservatore Romano itself, is the disappearance of the old feeling of the inevitable hostility between the Holy See and Italy. On the other side of the Tiber, Pope Pius XI has endorsed what Pope Benedict XV's pronouncement of 1915 indicated. In his Christmas, 1922, encyclical, the reigning Pontiff said: "Italy will never have to fear hurt

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from the Holy See." Generally, the atmosphere is entirely favorable.

People on both sides are studying the subject. That is certain. But study reveals difficulties. On the Italian side, the unpalatable thing would be the thought of the passing of Italian territory under another sovereignty. There must be a basis for papal sovereignty, liberty, and independence to rest on, and, it is understood, has, indeed, been said semi-officially from the Vatican, that no other basis than the territorial has been discovered up to now. The extent of territory is immaterial in principle; it is really no more than a matter of convenience, the final and only judge of it, as of other conditions, being the Pope. That is so generally realized now that it is not impossible to get competent persons to talk on the subject, everyone knowing that such conversation is completely irresponsible. The extent of territory usually suggested in such irresponsible conversations as the writer has had from time to time with persons worth listening to, runs roughly: The Cathedral of Saint John Lateran, the papal villa of Castel Gandolfo, Saint Peter's, the Vatican, the Vatican Gardens and such acreage around them as the supreme Pontiff should consider suitable, sufficient, and convenient to round the territory off. One still hears talk of the old "strip to the sea," but aeroplanes would now seem to have destroyed the significance of that and it would give rise to inconvenience. There are spots that might comfortably be included, however: the Knights of Columbus present the Oratory of Saint Peter, the new land bought by the Propaganda close by Saint Peter's and the Vatican, for instance.

There is a consideration that might help to overcome the natural hesitation of the Italian to agree to the passing of any Italian territory under another sovereignty. It is the spiritual nature of that sovereignty, recently accentuated by the institution by Pope Pius XI of the feast of Christ the King. The sovereignty of His Vicar is spiritual as is that of Christ Himself. It is not of the nature of a temporal power camped in the middle of Italy. Moreover, recognition of that character of the sovereignty of the Pope might help to overcome suggested difficulties regarding "subjects"—who are in actual fact spread over all the world, not confined in a little territory placed geographically in Italy.

There still remains an indistinct, almost subconscious feeling among some Italians that things are very well as they are—they might not be improved by a change. The Pope is not now the enemy of Italy; the Vatican is courteous; it does not refuse to do any little thing it can, unofficially. On the other side of the Tiber, there is a similar feeling. The moral prestige of the Papacy has grown wonderfully despite the "abnormal" and unjust conditions. Also, it is quite certain that a settlement of the question would generate in some minds abroad the idea that the Holy See might tend to be, in world politics, an appanage of the Italian Foreign Office. That is absurd, but the consideration cannot be disregarded. The Italian fears that excess of caution might bias the Pope subconsciously against him. And the Vatican must give far more serious thought to that and other suggested consequences in proportion to its far more serious responsibility.

We reach the conclusion that on the part of Italy a settlement—on such terms as one imagines possible, given the improved conditions and advance in knowledge and sentiment; given the evidently good dispositions of the present government and the known good will and charity of the supreme Pontiff—a settlement would go through without difficulty, would, indeed, be welcomed. On the part of the Holy See the sense of far greater responsibility, consideration of the world-wide, international, sopra-natural character of the Church and the Papacy, must cause far more serious thought. It may well be believed that it would make Signor Mussolini very happy if the question could be settled while he directs the policies of the country; it is even hinted that he has dreamed of its settlement during the Franciscan Year—of which Italians are thinking very much, and with the fullest recognition of all that it should mean. There is good reason for believing that the ground has been explored; there is no available evidence that things have gone any further as yet.

One word, however, may be added. Presuming that some day a settlement should come, the world would see and feel no difference. It would be the righting of a wrong done by Italy to the Holy See fifty odd years ago, on such terms as the Pope should think it right to agree to; the end of a long period of impossibility for the Holy See to have relations with Italy. It would make no difference to anyone else. It would make possible a concordat which would be of great advantage to the Church and religion in Italy; it would raise the prestige of the Papacy and the Catholic religion and thus tend to the salvation of souls both in Italy and throughout the world. But to conclude with the old adage: "The Vatican is never in a hurry."

Crucifixus

There is blood upon God's naked breast,
(O bosoms light with furtive rest!)
There are thorns upon God's throbbing brow,
(O laureled heads too proud to bow!)
And God's thin hands have nails in,
(O fingers bright with rings of sin!)

There is a spike through God's two feet,
(O you who walk where grass is sweet!)
There is a lance strange to all fear,
(Ah me, who grew to be a spear!)
But love looks from God's dying eyes,
(O robber promised Paradise!)

JOSEPH FRANT-WALSH.

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THE ART OF CONCHA ESPINA

By FRANCES DOUGLAS

WHO is Concha Espina? Editions of her works are appearing in the United States, in France, in Portugal, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Roumania, and Czecho-Slovakia. The question is a pertinent one.

Concha Espina is a writer through whom the soul of Spain finds new and fuller expression. It has been her province to reveal the individual consciousness of the Spanish mind. She entered the literary field early in life as a poet. She is now chiefly a poetic realist in prose. Her treatment is at one moment vigorous and racy; again, she is dreamy and stylistic. Like Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Blasco Ibáñez, and Benito Pérez Galdós, she has achieved fame during her lifetime. Firm in her religious convictions, she is a true exponent of the national character.

Her natal city is Santander, on the north coast of Spain. Here the old order, with a thirteenth-century Gothic cathedral, exists along with luxurious hotels, clubs, and casinos of the fashionable modern watering-place. The beach of Santander is washed by the Bay of Biscay, the Mar Cantábrico so frequently glorified in the works of Concha Espina. Some of her prose seems to be attuned to the rhythmic rise and fall of the waves of this tempestuous sea that lulled her to sleep as a child.

The house in which she was born is an ancestral manor strictly Castilian in style. It has a gallery finished in carved wood, shading the rooms of the third story, supplemented by individual balconies guarded by wrought-iron railings, marking the doors of the second story. Two broad-arched entrances, divided by a masonry pillar, open to the courtyard. The Spanish aristocrat considers the glaring red of the freshly tiled roof patent of vulgarity and newness. The faded reddish gray of the tiles on the house in which Concha Espina was born proclaims the centuries that have passed since it was built. In keeping with ancient custom, the armorial bearings of the family appear in the centre of the façade, carved in stone.

The house was filled with books, and Concha Espina was an omnivorous reader. Her favorite works were religious writings. In a series of confessions by distinguished authors, published by Fannie Butcher in a Chicago newspaper, Concha Espina stated that, of all the books in the world, she would have preferred to have written "that sublime Hebrew poem which has come to be one of the gems of Christianity, a repository of poetry and emotion that is supremely incomparable, the Book of Job."

Sincerity is the dominant note through all her work. In depicting characters, events, and scenes, truth prevails, even in cases where deviation from veracity might make a more agreeable impression. In her novel, Mariflor, the American reader may experience disappointment that the heroine finally consents to cast her fate with Antonio, although she still loves the poet. The happier finale, however, would have been out of harmony with the trend of life among the Maragatan people. The women of this little clan, a remnant of the earliest inhabitants of Iberia, are essentially self-sacrificing. It is only among women of more advanced modernity, spoiled by luxuries, that selfish considerations rank first. In choosing to sacrifice self to save the many members of her family who are in need, and whom Antonio promises to relieve on condition of her marriage to him, Mariflor responds to the traditional urge of the Maragatan blood inherited from her father. Thus consistency prevails. It is due to the self-abnegation and unstinting labor of the Maragatan women that the tribe has been held together as a unit, pure in blood, down the passing centuries. The impression conveyed is that Mariflor, through sacrifice, triumphed over mere egoism, and won a more enduring happiness through giving happiness to others. Among the Maragatan women, "self-expression," in the sense of living for self alone, is unheard of. With them, the preservation of the home and the family is more vital than the whim of the individual.

One of the most attractive characters created by Concha Espina is Don Miguel, the parish priest of Valdecruces, in Mariflor. He is at once virile and sympathetic. He never fails to assume part of the burden of suffering that falls to the lot of his humble parishioners; his zeal in guiding them along the narrow path never flags; nor does he ever hesitate to give of his own slender resources when there is need. He is a likable personality, and takes a place among literary creations beside Don Abbondio, in Alessandro Manzoni's masterpiece, I Promessi Sposi.

In the Puritan north, of which mainly Concha Espina writes, there is little evidence of that easy virtue so often depicted by the Countess Pardo Bazán. Wherever Doña Concha's works are read outside of Spain they serve to dissipate the "black legend," that tradition of calumny and misrepresentation which Spain has so long endured. In The Red Beacon, (Dulce Nombre in the original) her genius is seen at its most characteristic flowering. The dramatic story is interwoven with the atmosphere of Old Castile. Written in a swiftly moving, artistic manner, it is imbued with poetry and dignity, gathering power as it proceeds to the unexpected climax that brings happiness to Dulce Nombre and to Don Nicolás, the nobleman in his tower. In her rectitude during weary hours of trial, Dulce Nombre symbolizes the loftiest Span-

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ish ideals for the women of the nation. The work is a polished and beautiful classic.

El Metal de los Muertos, a great sociologic novel, is deemed by many critics the finest of the Espina stories, even one of the best that has been written by a European in the past decade. The Spanish critics regard El Metal de los Muertos as a book that will endure, since it presents a masterly picture of a struggle between capital and labor, arising from resentment against foreign domination, culminating in one of the most formidable recent labor uprisings in Spain. To obtain local color, Concha Espina went to Río Tinto and lived with the miners, sharing their hardships and entering into an understanding sympathy with them. The cast of characters in El Metal de los Muertos is large and varied, while the descriptions are Dantesque in their vividness. The vocabulary is so extended that it has aroused comment even among readers to whom Spanish is the native tongue. The title refers to the historic background of the mine. Tradition says that the deposits were worked in the far-off days of the Great King Solomon, and that one of his sons lived there in charge of the slaves that extracted the red metal. The ruins of an ancient castle perched high on a red mountain above the mines are pointed out as the place where Solomon's son is supposed to have lived. The name of a town not far distant, Zalamea la Real, also commemorates the industrial enterprise of this wise king of the Jews in this region. Zalamea is merely a corruption of the Spanish form, Salomón. Confusion between the letters z and s exists among the illiterate. Excavations in the vicinity of the mines, even at this day, bring to light relics of the Phoenicians and Romans who labored there long ago to wrest metallic treasures from the earth—potsherds, earthen lamps, and "tear bottles."

Mariflor, called in Spanish, La Esfinge Maragata, or The Maragatan Sphinx, is the work preferred by some critics. Others object on the ground that it is a "regional" novel, dealing with a district little known. Others find this a recommendation, "a new kind of geography," agreeing with Rafael, a character in Fernán Caballero's La Gaviota, who affirms that "the novel of manners is the novel par excellence . . . useful and agreeable. Each nation should write its own works of the kind. . . . If I were the Queen, I should have a novel of manners written in every province, and should leave nothing untold, unanalyzed." As a story revealing the lives of the humble women of the Maragatan steppe, the original home of many of the noblest families of Spain, Mariflor likewise leaves "nothing untold, unanalyzed."

La Rosa de los Vientos, a novel of the Mar Cantábrico; Agua de Nieve, which has been called an almost scientific monograph of a woman's character; Despertar para Morir, one of the most popular of the Espina books in Spain; and La Niña de Luzmela, are earlier novels, but written with the vigorous swing of one sure of her technique and atmosphere. Ruecas de Marfil is a volume of novelettes reeled off the ivory spinning wheel of memory, and not without that inevitable touch of tragedy that so fills the lives of rural Spanish women. El Jayón (The Foundling) is a dramatic study of a human problem impossible of solution other than by self-extinction of one of the women rivals. Max Nordau, a pathologic critic of literature and morals, placed this work on a par with the old Greek tragedies. It was presented at the Eslava Theatre in Madrid, under the direction of Gregorio Martínez Sierra. In Al Amor de las Estrellas, tribute is paid to the immortal genius of Cervantes, through a study of the women characters of his creation. This, and, in fact, nearly all of her works, are now used popularly for reading in the schools of Spain. Pastorelas, a book of prose poems, is peculiarly Spanish in type as well as in its cast of characters, presenting glimpses of the lives of the peasants who till the fields with biblical primitiveness.

In El Cáliz Rojo, and Tierras del Aquilón, the scene is laid in Germany, where Concha Espina recently toured, and where translations of her works have been received with enthusiasm. In a forthcoming volume, Altar Mayor, she returns again to northern Spain, presenting a novel of Asturias in which, through a thrilling love story, rich in characters, Covadonga, the scene of sublime patriotic sacrifices, is depicted as the sacrificial altar of the patria, likened to the high altar of a great cathedral. It was at Covadonga that Pelayo overcame the Moslems in 718, with this victory reviving the national spirit to such an extent that the tide was turned and the ultimate Christian recovery of Spain became assured. To the Spanish nation Covadonga is a sacred shrine to which thousands make pilgrimages every year.

The Spanish Academy has granted Concha Espina three substantial prizes, each carrying a generous sum of money, in appreciation of her literary work, and by way of atonement, perhaps, for not making an exception and admitting a woman to membership. Queen Victoria Eugenia laid the foundation stone of the monument to Concha Espina which is being executed by Victorio Macho, and is about to be erected in the Concha Espina Park at Santander, and King Alfonso has conferred upon her the Order of María Luisa. The Municipal Council of Santander has officially named her Favorite Daughter of the City, while the Hispanic Society of America has voted her a corresponding member of that institution. These honors do not in the least turn her head. She is seeking perfection in her work more earnestly than ever. With this mental attitude, with her ceaseless industry and her severe criticism of her own work, sparing no effort to attain polish and finish, with years ahead of her in which to grow in creative power, for she is only a little past forty, there is reason for believing that the future will register no less able work from her pen than the past.

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COLOR DAYS AT ELLIS ISLAND

By MARY FAGIN

THE Registry Division. What tales, moods, colors, atmosphere! A tremendously large room surmounted by a noble dome. A remote, beautiful dome. A grayish-white dome which has looked long upon a red brick floor, long tan walls that are nearly all windows, a little raised platform harboring a piano and an organ, crowded rows of drab benches, high desks with attached lamps over them, two huge American flags suspended from a balcony, and people, people, people.

There were days in this Registry room. There were dark and noisy days; there were light, grey, and dull days; there were colorful days; laughing and crying days. There were:

An Italian Day:—A quick, dark, noisy people. Gaudy in dress, yet almost always in black. Almost always mourning somebody, relatives, near or remote. Unrestrained, tempestuous voices; melodic exclamations; names that are chanted—a naïvely musical people. They run up the aisles, between the benches, huge bundles or chests on their backs or at their sides. They run up the indicated aisles rapidly, as if the weight of their luggage were a matter of no consequence. The women, too, carry heavy loads, carry them in a picturesque way. Size of bundle is of no importance; a feminine head can always support it. Rigidly it stays on, as if attached to the head. There is a graceful swing to the body crowned with a bundle. But the hands are free. And it is well that they are free. Italian hands must be used in conversation. The fingers form themselves into fanciful clusters, closing and opening eloquently.

On the benches waiting for their turn to be inspected, they cannot remain quiet. Energy bubbles within them; they are heard and seen. Friends and children are called at the top of the voice. "Lu-i-gi" or "An-to-ni-o" sing through the Registry room, each vowel stressed and drawn out. It is more than calling a name; it is a singing noise.

The Italian immigrant. Keen and alert. He understands questions put to him by the inspectors by means of gestures, often going through preliminary inspection without the aid of an interpreter.

On an Italian day the Registry Division is one black mass. To those who merge with the Italian immigrants the room has subtle meaning. Some exquisite women's faces, a profusion of old trinkets, jests, and carelessness, and good health, and music.

A British Day:—English and Irish and Scotch. A light day. Faces, dress, baggage—all are light. Tall, colorless figures, poorly clothed, valises and grips in hand they slowly walk up the indicated aisles as if walking up an automatic stairway. Quiet and patient the Britisher looks as he waits for his next. Quiet and patient he seems as he stands at the desk answering questions asked by the inspector. Though spoken to in his own tongue he sometimes fails to grasp the questions. "Sir?" he may repeat several times before giving the desired answer. "How old are you?" is lost on him. "How many years have you?" is quite another matter. "Have you money?" may prove a strange inquiry. "No, sir," might be the answer; or "I haven't any"; or "Nothing." But "Have you landing money?" yields "Sure, I have me landing check."

The Registry Division is light on a British day. But at times this lightness of the Anglo-Saxon immigrant is heavy on the immigration force. And, perhaps, this heaviness is caused by the immigrant's defensive attitude. The Britisher resents being called an immigrant and being treated as one. Perhaps all this quietness, indifference, patience, "lightness" is but a part of his resentment. Perhaps.

A Scandinavian Day:—Another light day. A greyish-light day. A Scandinavian day. Almost all dressed in grey come the tall and fair and rosy-cheeked Scandinavian men and women. Slowly they come. A calm people. A "square head" never thinks, like some immigrant of a more imaginative type, of flinging his luggage onto the end of the long bench and shooting it down, instead of carrying it all the way to the other end. Thoroughly prepared comes the Scandinavian, and his inspection is a simple task. Unlike the Italian, the Scandinavian does not understand the language of gesticulation. The language of eyes, hands, limbs, is wasted on him; he must be spoken to in his own tongue. Unemotional is the immigrant of the cold regions. He comes clean, intelligent, healthy. Passing through Ellis Island to a Scandinavian seems as matter of fact as taking his daily meal. Without much ado he seems always ready to pick up the new life before him. Is it this perfection about him that makes him somewhat grey? On a Scandinavian day, on a greyish-light day the Registry Division is calm and peaceful and undisturbed—and slightly dull.

A German Day:—Then still another light day. A light day with a difference. A German day. Marching, goose-stepping, between the rows of benches come the German men. Few women come, and these try to keep up with their men. Little chance these intelligent, healthy, clean, immaculately clean, people have to sit down. They don't need to wait. But seldom are any of them detained. "Like hot cakes," the inspectors have evolved a remark among themselves as applied to the registering and discharging of these blue-eyed people.

A Mixed Day:—Like a summer twilight sky with

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blending colors crowding through the grey clouds is the Registry Division on a mixed day; a colorful day; a laughing and crying day; after a light day.

Slavs, Jews, Greeks, Turks, Armenians, Egyptians, Hindus, and many other nationalities have a habit of mixing, or rather are forced to mix, since most of these peoples must embark for the land of refuge from ports not in their own countries. A picturesque pattern they make, these various faces, costumes, voices, emotions, behaviors.

The Slav will carry his accordion or some other musical instrument and make use of it at every opportune and inopportune moment. His dress is colorful; so is he. There is a noiseless loudness about the Slavs that makes them charming. The women, especially the Czecho-Slovakian women, do not leave their native costume at some foreign port. Odd is the Czecho-Slovakian woman's costume. Tight bodice on a thin waist-line topping a many colored, many folded skirt beating against high boots. Pretty is the Registry floor with these skirts circling about.

The Jew frequently carries a doctor's certificate which either detains him or lands him in the hospital. "I was never sick," pleads the Jew, "please, tell me what does it mean?" Tears, anxiety. Generous pacifying. And carry the certificate this Jew must; it is his diploma of a year or two of homeless wandering before reaching the land of his dreams. He remains a shadow of gloom in some corner of the Registry room. Just a shadow. For the Jew hopes. "My father," "my uncle," "my sister." Help from his kin makes him forget his misery. Upturned faces, craning necks, searching eyes. "The Americans; where are the Americans who come for us?" quivering lips ask. Many tales the wandering Jew has, and lighter he feels when he is given a chance to unburden himself to someone.

And the immigrants from the Orient. Tall, medium, small. Dress and jewels of the conspicuous kind. Alert and obedient. Striking faces. Women's faces oval-shaped, dark, arresting. And when a Hindu laughs—charming is the laughter that comes from pearl-white teeth and a very dark face.

A mixed day; a colorful day; a laughing and crying day. Musical instruments making feet tap; tears making lips salty; oval, charming faces stealing glances at laughing teeth. The Registry Division is alive with color on such a day.

INNOVATIONS IN OPERA

By GRENVILLE VERNON

THE Metropolitan Opera Company is searching—of that there can be no doubt. Tired of being called by some a museum, by others a morgue, and by still others a circus, it is striving to prove that it is the home of a new and vital art. That it has proved it is another matter—opera has ever been conservative, and opera audiences even more so. To fill the house, announce Aida or those operatic Siamese twins, Pagliacci and Cavalleria—it is a tried and trusted rule in the opera houses of every land, including our own Metropolitan. But the Metropolitan, at least, is not content, knowing full well that in art where there is contentment there also is death. And so, during the last three weeks we have had revealed to us a new ballet from America, and new operas from Spain and Russia.

In looking back over these three weeks, we Americans may well be satisfied, for it was neither Manuel De Falla's La Vida Breva, nor Igor Stravinsky's Le Rossignol which sent a thrill of excitement through a first-night audience. It was John Alden Carpenter's Skyscrapers. That night there were no whispered apologies among either the critics or the public to the effect that, after all, "America is still a young nation," for Skyscrapers was received with genuine enthusiasm and delight.

It is significant that the only other American work ever presented at the Metropolitan which approached Skyscrapers in significance was also a ballet—Henry F. Gilbert's Dance in Place Congo. Those who hold that the dance rhythms of the negro have furnished the only genuine contribution to a national music-art may well nod contentedly when they put these two works beside the long list of American operas presented by Signor Gatti-Casazza—beside The Pipe of Desire, and Mona, and Shanewis, and the rest. In the two ballets there was life and spontaneity and gusto; in the operas there was only a wooden emptiness.

Skyscrapers is not the first successful ballet written by Mr. Carpenter. Once before, in The Birthday of the Infanta, and then, as now, in collaboration with Robert Edmund Jones, he produced a work of unusual charm and theatrical effectiveness. The score of The Birthday of the Infanta showed a rare mastery of the orchestra and possessed not a little rhythmic fancy, but, after all, it was a ballet like other ballets. Written to the story of Oscar Wilde, it was, despite the modernity of the orchestration, quite in the tradition of the ballets of the past.

But Skyscrapers is another matter—not only in its music, but in its scenic investiture, in the nature of its dances, in the inchoate quality of the action. Its expression of life as divided into two water-tight compartments—work and play, both permeated by the spirit of jazz—is certainly American—not the America

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of forty years ago; not, it is to be hoped, the America of the future; and not the whole of the America of today. It is the America of our popular music, of our dances, of our amusement parks, of our tabloid newspapers, of that spirit born of the Negro and adapted and exaggerated by the Jew which saturates the mob of our cities. Skyscrapers is, in a sense, symbolic.

It is no business of a critic to argue that Mr. Carpenter should have accomplished something he had no intention of accomplishing. It is useless to ask his evocation of the jazz age to possess charm, or original melodic beauty, or even true gayety. The jazz age is essentially an age devoid of reflection, and such an age can possess none of these except the last, while a life purely animal and mechanical cannot be gay. We might balk at his choice of subject, but once we have accepted it, we must meet it on its own terms.

It is, then, to Mr. Carpenter's credit—and to Mr. Jones's, who designed the scenery and helped evolve the action—that they have set forth incisively the basic animalism, vigor, and color of the scene they chose to paint. In Mr. Carpenter's score there is splendid rhythmic inventiveness, and he has never allowed himself to become the slave of jazz for the sake of jazz. Jazz for him is but one element in his orchestral pattern, for even the hectic life of our cities has its moments of lyric beauty. The fantastic quality of Mr. Jones's scenery admirably suited the spirit of the music. Its futurism never overstepped the bounds of sense. The three solo dancers imported for the occasion from the ranks of vaudeville, performed their part to perfection, while the usually stereotyped corps de ballet found itself galvanized into life.

Señor De Falla's La Vida Breve was, on the other hand, distinctly a disappointment. It is an early work of the Spanish composer and showed little of the personal quality displayed in his puppet opera, El Retablo de Maesa Pedro, given earlier in the season by the League of Composers. The score was well made, and there were moments of real beauty, notably in the musical evocation of Granada, but, on the whole, it was typical Italian opera vitalized by the employment of Spanish rhythms. The story was simple to naïveté. The sole outstanding feature was the singing and acting of Lucrezia Bori. The Spanish soprano has rarely been heard to better advantage, and did her utmost to rescue from boredom the work of her fellow countryman. It was a pity to have so much talent and effort wasted on such shallow material.

Much had been expected of Igor Stravinsky's Le Rossignol, far more than was realized. Stravinsky's talent is enormous. His mastery of the orchestra is positively diabolic; his rhythmic sense, extraordinary; and both these qualities were present in his musical setting of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy-tale. Yet, they got him nowhere. It all seemed like a feeble echo of Rimsky-Korsakof's Le Coq d'Or.

Once again was posed the problem set by so many of the moderns, and by none more forcibly than by Igor Stravinsky. Slaves of their own sophistication, the very fact that they are the heirs of all the musical knowledge of the past, has rendered their creative impulse strangely barren. They are arrangers, commentators, what you will. But creators—no. Not even Stravinsky is that. There is in him nothing of that high seriousness, that fidelity to a personal artistic revelation which alone can make creative art significant. By the means of the employment of Russian folk themes he managed to obscure this fact in his Petrushka, and the grotesque power of his Sacre de Printemps fooled many of us at a first hearing. But in Le Rossignal both his virtues and his defects are evident to all. His virtues are eclectic and synthetic; his defects are personal.

The real high lights of the production were furnished by Mr. Soudeikine in his scenic investiture, which was extraordinarily colorful. Miss Marion Talley sang well enough the music of the Nightingale, and Mr. Didur gave one of his inimitable impersonations as the King. The musical direction of both operas was under the masterly baton of Mr. Serafin.

Garden of Concha Espina

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY THOMAS WALSH

Garden of Concha Espina,
Shadowland of love and life,
Of the perfume of roses and laurel,
Of enduring marble and crystal waters—
Salutary eternities
Of purity and song.
The sea of Santander
Murmuring ever the same
Old creed of constant fidelity.
At eventide
When life declines
There will pass athwart your bowers
Ghosts of lives your lady has created;
So forever there shall be beauty
In every nightfall—
Garden of Concha Espina,
When your mistress seeks you for repose—
When she would lose herself in dreams—
Dreams we in vain would fathom
But which are known to you, O garden,
In every one of your roses
In every trailing vine, in every evening shadow,
In every song of the fountains;
In the tender protection of the trees
And white caresses of the waking sun
In spite of the restlessness, as of bird-wings
That scale the immensities
To submerge us in the cloudless light of peace—
Garden of Concha Espina,
Since you embody her name—
Treasure as well her soul —
Thus shall your flowers know a fuller bloom,
Thus shall your plenitude expand afar—

JOSÉ A. BALSEIRO.

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CHRISTIAN ARCHAEOLOGY

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

ONE thing that the intensive growth of American cities and of American colleges has done which may be set down as of definite and positive value to mankind, is the stimulation of a demand for archaeological collections as each new growth erects its own museum in keen competition with older establishments, and rival "boosters" supply the necessary (though hitherto but slowly flowing) stream of American dollars for exhaustive research.

Abraham's "home town" (the Atlantic Monthly, February, 1926) yields up portions of its history through the joint efforts of Leonard Woolley (of "Lawrence of Arabia" fame) and Abbé Legrain, backed by the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania—not by any means a coöperation of British experience and American capital, for the Pennsylvania University Museum was fortunate enough to draw to its side of the work this distinguished French priest, an outstanding authority in his subject. Father Legrain's conclusions as a believing scientist, will be, one feels, of inestimable value in the reconstitution of that part of history represented by Ur of the Chaldees in its relation to biblical study, and in its relation to the development and the age of man. Not less interesting, the Mayan civilization at last begins to unfold its secrets within a few days' journey from our doors.

I have heard regrets expressed that Catholic colleges are taking no part in these American archaeological studies, or making use for public benefit, of opportunities which must come to missionaries in the field to contribute original research to the growing fund of knowledge. Through force of circumstances Catholic teaching efforts have been directed, outside of those things which are fundamental, mainly to the conquest of material prosperity. Catholics who have achieved material prosperity have been generous, indeed, but along less abstract lines; Catholic charity has been, and is, enormous and very practical. There is ample reason why this particular field, important as it is, has been neglected, or, at least, not developed. Nevertheless, in spite of the all absorbing demands of the task of spreading the gospel among the aborigines and of holding great numbers of pioneers to the Faith, there has been much isolated achievement in that direction both in North and South America.

In Latin America there is a wealth of material, much of it scattered, no doubt, during the social and political revolution of the first two decades of the nineteenth century, much of it buried "in the files" of the religious bodies to which the individual missionary priests belonged. Some essential material known to have existed and supposed to be lost, may well turn up in state archives as has recently happened, it is said, in Mexico; or as the original plan of St. Mary's city is said to have turned up in the state files at Annapolis.

It would be very much somebody's task to collate all this material for public use, wherever one may suspect its presence. It comes to light when it is worth anybody's interest to look for it. For instance, I was offered years ago, in Mexico, a very complete record of Inquisition trials which had turned up in some housecleaning. I notified an American Catholic college of the find, but there was no money available for the purchase. So, in Guatemala, a manuscript record turned up (and was sent to London) of the exploration of one of Cortez's captains down through the Mayan country—through Yucatan, Quintana Roo to Lake Yzabal and up to Guatemala, well interspersed with seditious comment on Cortez. In Guatemala, too, a Hungarian mining engineer evolved the theory that the proper place to look for lost mines is in the church records of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, assuming that, since the Church received tithes, there would be some check on output. In the general collection of manuscripts which he acquired were some most interesting chronicles, comments, and observations of the native civilization at the time of the conquest. Another interesting historical document which once passed through my hands was saved from the burning Imperial library at Peking, after the entry of the allied troops in the Boxer rebellion. It was a report of a Chinese scholar sent by the emperor to interview the early Christian missionaries, a running commentary on the articles of their creed. Some points were accepted as holding nothing "immoral"—some were set down as "noble"; none that I recall, was condemned, allowance being made for "barbarous presentation."

Certainly, nowhere outside of the Church is there any single body competent to correlate the studies of widely scattered archaeologists and observers of ancient civilizations and surviving native customs. Observations in different parts of the world may easily be misleading as to similarities, yet, used with caution, they may also throw interpretive light on local problems. Thus, a theory occurred to me when the public-spirited efforts of the United Fruit Company made the ruins of Quirigua easily accessible and opened them for intensive study. The archaeologists who specialized on these ruins were greatly struck by the appearance of the faces and figures carved upon the huge columns which apparently represented a long line of rulers of the city. At one end of the avenue were powerful grim faces, gradually softening until at the other end their expression and general appearance gave rise to a tentative theory of women rulers. Coming fresh from Korea, it seemed to me more probable (though being totally inexpert in such matters I hesitated to insist on my views to professionals) that this change might represent a purely oriental phenomenon. In Korea the sacrific to Heaven was performed by the emperor himself, or he might delegate an eunuch—no one else. Is it not possible that at Quirigua the conquering warrior rulers merged, in the course of time, in a sacrificial priesthood of the same character, a high priest king?

Our great asset in a compilation of the scattered archaeological and historical observations of missionaries is that we do not have to make facts fit a theory.

March Kites

Now it is March again, the air is clear
  And cloudless after days of plenteous rain;
A hundred boys and girls with kites appear
  And paper birds are fluttering again.
With ruddy faces in the open fields,
  They run, mad laughter brimming at their lips;
And ten go up, a fleet of blazoned shields,
  And ten go up, a fleet of snowy ships.

Under the budding birches, feeling grey
  And lonely and unutterably sad,
I sit and watch the children at their play,
  Dreaming the while, of how another lad,
On other March days, beautiful as these,
  Launched his armadas on the happy breeze.

HAROLD VINAL.

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POEMS OF THE PASSION

Palm Sunday

There is a sound of wind far-off . . . or voices
Above the water of an organ weaving
"Hosanna" of the elements. "Hosanna!"
There is the sound of wind . . . and voices walking—
Not choristers in purple caps and cassocks—
But a brown multitude with palms and garments
To fling before the Humble One . . . a city
Blue in the hot, white brass that is the morning.

The rhythm changes, beats a minor murmur:
Winds in the garden; sound of soldiers marching;
Tumult of arms, glitter of shields and torches—
Not the white petalling of new altar candles—
But beacons dipped in blood and cruel feet marching.
"Ooeeh! Ooeeh!" a cry . . . not measured music—
But the slow beat of feet and wailing sorrow
Wrenched from the million-throated monster, milling
Down to the market-place; and hammers driven
To the sharp crunch of nails in living cypress.

"Ooeeh! Ooeeh!" . . . and this no golden symbol—
Not the slow kneeling of a congregation;
But the dead ring of agony and black winds
Blasting the city with the sin of ages.

MILDRED FOWLER FIELD.

Panis Angelicus

I have looked over the low wall of heaven,
Where, to and fro,
The happy lovers take the air at even,
Before they go
To the long board where Joy, the pure and holy,
Breaks Love's own bread
For all who come—the greatest and the lowly
Alike are fed.
The daily miracle is never hidden
From us below—
But what it is to watch the feast unbidden
Only the starving know!

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON.

Good Friday

For Martha there were dishes
To be washed, at close of day,
And bread to set for breakfast
And crumbs to sweep away.
For Martha there were food-stuffs,
The smell of yeast, a broom
That kept her mind away from
One hanging in the gloom.
For Mary there was twilight,
And one star that kissed the hill.
For her were trees and springtime
Beyond her window-sill.
For Mary there were shadows,
A lily's breath, a leaf
That tore her mind with pity
And nailed her soul with grief!

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY.

Stations of the Cross

Christ before Pilate

Here Pilate's court is:
None may clatter or call;
Each stands as still as
Stone in the wall.
Violence and judgment
He is between:
"I shall ordain soon for Him
Pains have never yet been."
O Lord—
Silence in us the condemning word!

Christ Meets His Mother

Silence between these two:
The Angel Gabriel's word
Comes back: in her Son's eyes
She sees what then she heard.
She once again replies
"Even as the Spirit says."
She looks upon her Son.
Still is she full of grace.
May none
Obscure within the revelation.

Christ Consoles the Women of Jerusalem

Heavy His Cross is:
He drags beneath its beam,
Yet, women of Jerusalem,
Weep not for Him:
Weep for your children rather,
For that they cannot see
The true Son of David,
The Saviour—shown ye.
O Lord
Also to us say the revealing word!

Christ Is Stripped of His Garments

"Would'st have me share this cloth,
Dividing it with sword?
Nay, fellow, we will keep it whole—
But harken to my word:
Behind the Cross the dice
We'll throw; who wins will get
What's high enough in price
To pay a tavern debt."
The vesture that makes one with Thee our soul—
May we keep whole!

Christ Is Taken Down from the Cross

Though pitiful it is to see
The wounds, the broken body,
(The body that was, alas,
As fair as lily of the grass!)
Though the brow with thorns was riven,
And the spear through the side was driven,
It was all for our healing done,
Mother, by thy Son!
May we
This Body in its glory come to see!

PADRAIC COLUM.

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COMMUNICATIONS

A GUILD PLAN FOR INDUSTRY

Buffalo, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I have just read the article recently published in The Commonweal, by Henry Somerville, suggesting union-control, or as he phrases it, guild-control of industry in place of the so-called capitalistic control. It seems to me that this article is full of error that should not be preached to American workingmen.

The argument contained in this article seems to ignore the basic economic fact that every industrial enterprise, in order to be successful, must have three distinct factors—capital, management, and workers—and each must have fair wages and fair treatment or there will be no profits for anybody. Competent management is the product of an exceptionally high order of natural ability, combined with long training, and is in reality a type of genius, and never is found and never can be expected to be found in men who are trained to work only with their hands. Worker-management was tried in Russia in the early days of Bolshevik rule, and in Italy immediately preceding the advent of Mussolini, and in both cases it resulted disastrously, and so it has always resulted wherever tried, and so it must in the natural order of things always result.

Another economic fact which this article seems to ignore, is that capital is timid and will not venture into business enterprise unless the management is competent, and unless, also, the opportunity for generous return is reasonably assured. An example is our American railroads, many of which have gone into bankruptcy during the past ten years, and all of which, as a result of inadequate rates and the vices of government control, have greatly suffered through inability to tempt American investors to risk their money in railroad securities. If, as is suggested in this article, the capital required in industry were compelled to accept a fixed moderate return, and all beyond this would go to the workers, this capital would go into high-grade bonds, mortgages, and other types of conservative investment where the return would be almost as great, and where the risk would be much less. Capital is the fruit of labor, self-denial, and saving, and it will not take, nor can it be expected to take, the risks of business without the prospect of reward adequate to the risks involved.

Furthermore, there is no present justification for the doctrine that American workingmen, generally speaking, are oppressed or unfairly treated by corporations or employers generally. Everyone who is at all informed, knows that American workingmen are, for the most part, organized and able fully to protect themselves, and are not at all backward about asserting and enforcing their rights. American workingmen generally enjoy very high wages, four or five times the average paid in Europe, and are able to have not only the comforts but even the luxuries of life. To a very large extent they own their own homes, ride in automobiles, and have victrolas and radios; and to a considerable extent are stockholders in our great industrial, railroad and public-utility corporations, and in the corporations by which they are employed. They are steadily and increasingly becoming capitalists. Very many of our largest corporations, like the United States Steel corporation, Standard Oil of New Jersey, the American Radiator Company, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Endicott-Johnson Company, the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, and numberless others in all fields have adopted, in some cases profit-sharing plans, and in other cases easy-payment plans by which their employees are enabled to become stockholders and part owners of the enterprises in which they are employed; and labor organizations like the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers have become owners of large banks and coal mines. It is along these sensible and rational lines that the labor-capital problem in our country is being solved, and should be solved.

Preaching the gospel of discontent to American workingmen will not advance their best interests, but will very effectively aid the cause of the Russian Communists who aim, through fomenting discord, to overthrow the governments and existing economic systems of all of the so-called capitalistic nations of the world, including our own.

Only today, according to press despatches, the executive committee of the Russian Communist party, known as the Third Internationale, meeting in Moscow, is reported to view with alarm the growing tendency of American labor unions to organize banks and permit their members to own stock in the corporations by which they are employed, such action being viewed as having a tendency to make workmen contented and reluctant to take part in strikes. One of the leading planks adopted at this meeting declares against any form of co-operation between social classes, especially the new American form.

Fortunately, the workingmen of this country, generally speaking, have sufficient intelligence to appreciate their fortunate situation, and realize that their interests will be best promoted by turning a deaf ear to the preachers of discontent in Moscow, and in their own country, by continuing to work along the constructive lines which are bringing them satisfactory results.

FRANK H. CALLAN.

FAITH AND THE UNIVERSITY

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor:—There is so vibrant a ring in the challenge of your correspondent who renews the educational issue (The Commonweal, March 3) that the duly emblazoned respondent will presently appear, I trust, to give him knightly satisfaction. In the meantime, between heavier thunderclaps, may I be permitted cautiously to address the elements.

Mr. Sands has cast his keen inquisition into various forms. If I am not mistaken, it can be cast into this form: Do we seriously intend to maintain Catholic universities in this country? Universities aim at nothing if not at intellectual leadership. To tolerate the title and resign the aim would be to play at make-believe with ourselves and, perhaps, to hoodwink the simple. So much is obvious.

One has heard of Catholics to whom a Catholic university system in the United States would seem to have taken the hue of an ideal foregone. Theirs, reductively, is a counsel of despair incompatible with the right Catholic temper, the temper of Catholic America. Either we elect to maintain our own universities, or we consent to institutionalize an inferiority complex. To transfer our allegiance to any substitute ideal, to any alluring composition with mere secular institutions, however multiple the millions of their endowment, is definitively to drop the Catholic ideal. The point can be proved from the Ius Canonicum if it be necessary, and from the whole philosophy of Catholic culture.

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We are not going to drop the Catholic ideal. A mountain range of impossibilities may be alleged against us. The financial resources, we are reminded, of the wealthiest of our Catholic universities dwindle to poverty compared with the means of any one of the more prosperous non-Catholic institutions. Nevertheless, no really well-informed observer of university activities could countenance for a moment the suggestion that our universities are not going forward. One spontaneously adverts to the current project of medico-chemical research at Georgetown, and to the established school of diplomacy there; to the Corpus Scriptorum Christianorum Orientalium in process of production by the Catholic University of America in collaboration with the University of Louvain.

At the very time correspondents were holding high dispute in your columns on the subject of coördination, St. Louis University was actualizing the educational merger described by Father Schwitalla in The Commonweal of January 6. One could write a heavy feature article—a fact story neat—on the contributions Catholic universities are making to the progress of physical sciences now in this country—in seismology, in meteorology, in experimental psychology. These are instances cited at random. They do not prove that our universities are all we want them to be. No one of sense believes that can be proved, or wants anyone to try to prove it. We know, however, what it is we want: Catholic universities in the United States that shall take in every main department of university activity as distinguished a lead as they are already taking at selected points. And we know what we do not want: recreancy to the ideal, or the relegation of it from the realm of actual, present, and paramount objectives.

How, in the past, has so much been accomplished in the face of odds? The answer ultimately is, of course, our faith. How will the larger accomplishment now so increasingly urgent be secured? Never without faith—faith and a better instructed appreciation on the part of Catholics who control material means of the investment value, moral, spiritual, cultural, national, of the Catholic university.

Rev. Edgar R. Smothers, S.J.

MEXICO: THE LAW OF THE LAND

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:—Major Phillips's article on Mexico and your own reference to The Nation's comments on the Mexican situation fill me with emotions hard to analyze. I think of those days thirteen years ago when our own Mr. Bryan exchanged despatches with Señor Gamboa, when the country rang with the slogan, "Huerta must go," when that subtle and experienced diplomat, Mr. Lind, went down to see for himself—and for us—what was "the truth about Mexico," and I find myself uncertain whether I should laugh or curse. I think of Mr. Villard and his often-expressed hatred of law, as law—I seem to remember an editorial paragraph in The Nation shrieking that law was an evil thing!—and symptoms of "mal de mer" make themselves felt within me. I think of the Evening Post and Mr. David Lawrence, of Mr. de Bekker, of Dr. Samuel Guy Inman (still with us, still talking the same talk!) of Mr. Lincoln Steffens, of Dr. Ernest Gruening, and the rest of the intrepid band, who, at one time or another have undertaken to "interpret" Mexico to us, and the only words that seem to fit the thoughts are: "Oh, what's the use?"

I have, however, succeeded in isolating one thought. Mr. Paul Fuller was sent to Mexico by President Wilson in those famous days just preceding the great war, and he returned with a report which at that time surprised a good many of us. It is well known, although not, I believe, a matter of record, that he reported to President Wilson that of all the men then active in Mexican affairs on the revolutionary side, the late lamented Francesco Villa seemed to him the best for us to deal with. Those of us who knew Paul Fuller for the clear-sighted, high-principled, thoroughly experienced man that he was, found double cause for wonder in the matter. It was surprising to us that he had been chosen for a mission of this sort, and it was surprising to us that he had reported as he did.

Having now in mind, however, the progress of events in Mexico during the last twelve years, it is apparent that Mr. Fuller was right. True, Villa was a thorough-paced blackguard who respected nothing and nobody. He was an assassin by wholesale, and a robber by wholesale. He probably came as near to being a wild animal as a human being can come. But, to his eternal credit be it remembered, he did not trouble himself to lie, and he made no phrases. I thought in those days that Paul Fuller was wrong. The soundness of his judgment, however, appeals to me today. I think he was right.

Thomas F. Woodlock.

THE CRUSADERS' CHAMPION

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:—A recent copy of the Fundamentalist journal, The Crusaders' Champion, wandered into my possession, and in it I found the following:

"Some scientists are telling us that life first came up from the Great Deep, that is, from the sea. We do not know whether there is sufficient scientific proof to establish this doctrine or not, but if it is true, we might refer the scientists to a certain ancient Book which says: 'And the Spirit of God was brooding upon the face of the waters.' Just how much is involved in that statement, we may not know; but it might be that the divine Spirit during that time brought into existence the various germs of life, so that when afterward the biblical narrator depicts God as saying: 'Let the earth put forth grass, herbs yielding seeds,' etc., and, 'let the waters swarm with swarms of living creatures,' those originally created and implanted germs grew into living organisms. True, this is speculation, but it seems to accord with some of the conclusions of the scientists of the day. Thus, if it should some day be proven to be true, it would accord with biblical teaching."

It looked oddly familiar. Sure enough, I found in Dorlodot this quotation from Saint Augustine:

"But, just as in the seed there were in an invisible manner all those things which were to arise in the course of time, so, also, we must conclude that the world, at the time when God created all things simultaneously, contained simultaneously all those things which were made in it and with it when the day was made: not only the heavens with the sun, moon, and stars, whose natures persist throughout their movements of rotation, together with the earth and the seas, which are subject to irregular movements . . . but, also, those things which the water and the earth produced in power and causally before they could develop in the course of time, as we now know them."

That editor had better watch his step, or he'll find himself wandering into a camp that he surely has no conscious intention of joining!

Frank Thone.

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"THE GOOD GREY POET"

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editor:—I wonder if Mr. Harry McGuire has not misread my recent letter to The Commonweal, or if, perhaps, he has in his "pointless point" attempted to be facetious or playfully satirical. As he would scarcely wish to display such "meaningless" invective in your really excellent magazine, I assume that he was "oratorically" serious.

First of all, therefore, the caption of my letter was not quite true because no attempt was made to defend either Page or Whitman. Justice and fairness are what I asked for and still desire in all criticisms as those mentioned.

Then, Mr. McGuire apparently does not realize that the first paragraph of my letter referred not so much to the one article by Mr. Shuster on Whitman, not so much to Mr. Bates's series on state universities, and not so much even to Mr. Stuart's criticism of Page as ambassador, but, on the other hand, to all such articles that may be published. I noted those as typical. Why, indeed, "all the fanfaronade"?

Again, I, too, have a sincere regard for "Mr. Shuster's standing in American Catholic letters," but I still wonder what is "the poet's [Whitman's] leadership in 'the true American renaissance.'" Furthermore, I can scarcely come to the conclusion that Whitman is "generously evaluated" when such references are made to him: "Whitman was the true revolution against America"; "the total absence of realism from his work is astonishing"; "a barbarian"; "Whitman, therefore, was a bacchanalian threnody." And so I cannot help feeling that it is just as "logical if Whitman is called 'the true revolution against America,' to call many other men whose lives are as bad but not so frankly exposed as that of the 'good grey poet,' and many of his followers and later 'free versifiers' true revolutionists against America."

ANDREW SMITHBERGER.

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT

Reading, Mass.

TO the Editor:—William Franklin Sands, in a communication to The Commonweal under the caption, Local Self-Government, focuses attention on an evil that is rapidly becoming a distinct menace to our fundamental concept of democratic government. The line of demarcation formerly extant between our state and national governments is fast disappearing before the constant, insidious inroads of the latter into the domain of our local affairs.

G. K. Chesterton, recognizing the parlous tendency of our state governments to shirk their responsibilities and duties, with the consequent and inevitable concentration of power in Washington, was moved to write: "It is not only true the president could be correctly called a king. It is also true that the king (English) might correctly be called president. We could hardly find a more exact description of him than to call him a president. Thus we may truly say that the king presides and the president reigns."

Henry Watterson, in his autobiography, Marse Henry, with the same, identical theme as his subject, says: "The deathblow to Jeffersonian democracy was delivered by the Democratic Senators and Representatives from the South and West who carried through the Prohibition Amendment. The coup de grace was administered by a president of the United States elected as a Democrat when he approved the federal suffrage amendment to the Constitution. The kind of government for which Jeffersonian democracy successfully battled for more than a century was thus repudiated; centralization was invited; state rights were assassinated in the very citadel of state right. The charter of local self-government became a scrap of paper; the way is open for the obliteration of the states in all their essential functions and the erection of a federal government more powerful than anything of which Alexander Hamilton dared to think."

Is "historic democracy" dead?

JAMES F. DESMOND.

THE PRESIDENT ON STATE RIGHTS

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor:—The writer appreciated the comments of William Franklin Sands in regard to my article under the title, Who Profited by the American Revolution? in which I endeavored to point to the fact that we are forgetting the lessons which we taught the British in 1776. On that occasion we taught them the value of local self-government, which they are today practising in regard to their political entities or dominions; whereas we are building up a federal frankenstein that is assuming powers once denied to king and parliament.

There is one thing with which I beg to differ in Mr. Sands's article, viz., the impression that President Coolidge is in favor of state rights or, at least, resistance to further encroachments of federal power.

Apparently, this impression is based upon certain references to state rights in President Coolidge's Memorial Day speech at Arlington last May. Mr. Coolidge's speech on that occasion reminds one of the alleged saying of a manufacturer of a popular automobile, who stated that his car might be purchased in any color desired provided it was black. President Coolidge said something similar about state rights; he hoped the states would exercise their prerogatives, in conformity with the wishes of the federal government. In other words, under his formula, the federal government would say to the states: "Do as we tell you and you can do just as you wish."

MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

BEAUTY IN CHURCH ART

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Those who feel that the liturgy and architecture of the Church have been formed by a long and sacred tradition, in which there is possibly something of direct inspiration, ought never to be disheartened by the seeming neglect of these things in our time. The "demon of ugliness," as Huysmans said, will not prevail in the end over the angels in whose custody the decorum of the House of God has been placed. In this connection, may I say that I notice many a small but worthy improvement, here and there, in ecclesiastical furnishings. Often these changes for the better are made without noise, possibly unconsciously. And they are all the better for appearing so humbly and unadvertised.

J. S. O'CONNOR.

[Editor's Note:—Mr. O'Connor's letter gives us an opportunity to call attention to the beautiful series of Stations of the Cross, by Alfeo Faggi, in Saint Thomas's Church, Chicago. The poems by Mr. Padraic Colum in this issue of The Commonweal are part of a sequence written about these stations. Those interested in either Mr. Faggi's sculptures or Mr. Colum's verses will be glad to know that a booklet to be issued by Ralph Seymour, Chicago, contains reproductions of the stations and the complete sequence of poems.]

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THE PLAY

Easter

A SAD thing happened last week. The Stagers—a persistent and loyal producing group—presented New York with an honest and moving performance of August Strindberg's tender story of the Passion as re-enacted in the souls of men—and the critics announced that the play was unintelligible! Had they called it too obvious, one might find room for agreement. But to find it bewildering? That is a stupendous indictment of the modern mind.

It is a simple story, this, of a family living in the shadow of a parent's disgrace, a family embittered by pride and haunted by fears, unable to see that a burden of suffering may cleanse the soul until it is prepared to receive the glory of a new day. To point the allegory and render it unmistakable, the action of the play passes between the afternoon of Holy Thursday and the eve of Easter. A despised daughter of the family, once committed to an asylum, returns, and through the child-like insight she has obtained, brings to each and all the first glimpse of what compassion and atonement may do to revive love and joy in hearts that had almost yielded to despair.

As I have indicated, the only reproach one might bring is that the authenticity of a realistic play has been violated to make its allegory too obvious. In the last act, particularly, there is a tone of preachment, a straining for parallels between the external and the mystical, and a forcing of conclusions that, however apt in a sermon, become tedious in drama. But this is not what the critics pounced on. Instead, they found it obscure and meaningless—as if the court of Caligula were to visit Oberammergau and laugh at the divine nonsense of Redemption. The same bewilderment has pursued these critics in all recent plays dealing with the search for faith or for the meaning of suffering—Great God Brown and Nirvana, for example. But in these last plays there has at least been the excuse of a certain vagueness and groping in the playwrights' own minds, also of daring departures in dramatic technique. When Easter brings the same mental helplessness, one begins to sense acutely the degree to which the modern mind has abandoned all conscious thought of atonement and the higher inner meanings of Christianity. I have said in many places, and repeat here, that to understand the great undercurrents inspiring so much of the recent poetry of the theatre, our critics should spend a few hours of the year in reading the gentle words of Thomas à Kempis. In the Royal Road of the Cross, they would discover, perhaps to their utter amazement, what is really happening in the hearts of men today—the resurgence of the quest for faith and the re-birth of tragedy through the valley of tears.

Easter is not a supremely fine piece of dramatic literature, for the reasons I have given, but it has real merit and distinction, certainly enough to justify its production. The Stagers have done well by it. The proud, embittered Elis of Warren William is one of the best performances this capable actor has ever given. Morgan Farley enhances his considerable prestige in a small but telling part, and I found the work of Michael Strange (Mrs. John Barrymore) more than adequate to the part of Eleanora, the returned daughter. A certain lack of grace and a slightly staccato diction, of which some critics complained, seemed to me to be of the very essence of the part, of its pathos and fragile beauty, especially when mingled with a rare dignity and exaltation in moments of suffering and trial. Judith Lowry also gives a forceful characterization.

The New Neighborhood Bill

THE Neighborhood Playhouse now enters officially on a repertory career. Instead of that most successful production, The Dybbuk, being withdrawn entirely, it is to be continued part of the week, with the remaining days given to a new triple bill of considerable interest, starting with a Burmese Pwé, modifying the fare with Haydn's one-act opera, The Apothecary, and concluding by offering the Chinese legend of Kuan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy.

With the Theatre Guild also announcing a repertory basis for next season, New York is now well launched on this experiment. The results may have a surprising interest. Certainly the Neighborhood has already shown that a permanent company of actors can achieve effects in ensemble acting far beyond the careless standards of Broadway.

The Burmese number in the present program is a distinct disappointment. As a curiosity it has a certain value, but it fails utterly to achieve a sense of style. The settings lack coherence and a feeling of composition, and the dances are amateurish. But for everything lacking in this number there is ample compensation in the Haydn operetta and the Chinese legend.

What with Aline Bernstein's simple and effective settings and costumes, and Albert Carroll's deliciously stylized acting, supported by the almost equally effective work of Ian Maclaren, Harold Minjer, and Dorothy Sands, the Haydn number strikes a sparkling key. Within the limits of its own conventions, it radiates humor, irony, and quaint satire.

In the Chinese legend, the outstanding achievement is that of Ernest de Weerth, whose gold on black settings and amazingly vivid costumes lend it a species of magic. The use of an almost gossamer-thin rubber sheeting, exquisitely colored, for the costumes of the goddess Kuan Yin and her attendants, sets, so far as I know, a precedent in material for the theatre. This light rubber drapes with an amazing feeling of mobile statuary. Ian Maclaren as the grim property man (the great institution of Chinese drama) and Albert Carroll in the double rôle of the General and the Poet, carry the acting honors. But once more the Neighborhood emerges triumphantly for the value of its ensemble work rather than for individual achievement. Because it attacks its work through love of doing beautiful things well rather than in the spirit of self-conscious experiment, this little theatre has undoubtedly contributed more to the New York stage in the last few years than any other single group.

R. DANA SKINNER.

Moon Maggots

THE major dramatic critics seemed to be much exercised in their minds concerning the exact circumstances under which young Mr. Dos Passos's The Moon Is a Gong appeared at Cherry Lane Theatre, last week. What is evident is that someone or other has gone to great pains and expense to capitalize the relative artistic success of Manhattan Transfer by giving an elaborate production to a jeu d'esprit of its author, written at an earlier stage of mental disintegration, and using much the same discordant elements. Those who liked or misliked the brew are now invited to sample the mash.

It proved a spotty and spasmodic affair. From the moment one member after another of the Pierrot orchestra rushed up the aisle and greeted the audience in folksy fashion one realized that one was due for a rich feast of oddity, at least. Mr. Dos Passos, in French phrase, makes his arrows out of all sorts

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of wood. There is a proportion of Processional; gleams and glimpses of Liliom ("Look out! here come the damned police!") and a heaping spoonful of Spoon River. A million dollars and all a million dollars can procure in sensory gratifications appears to be an obsession with the author-playwright. At a crisis in his love-making, the moon-struck hero can think of no better proof of his devotion than a promise to make it. A million dollars is the net loss which a train wreck spells to a financier. A million dollars is the loot for whose sake police shoot broadcast. I fancy the radio which bellowed disjointedly from the back of the theatre had something to say about a million dollars. Anyhow, when, at the climax of the last act, a very young man makes himself the apex of a frenzied pyramid, screaming out that he wants to "make a million dollars, live a thousand years, and marry the prettiest girl between the Battery and the Bronx," the conclusion was irresistible that his homily was really less a satire than a release.

Besides his penchant for round figures, Mr. Dos Passos has a flair, all his own, for the low-down in human nature. Section hands of a quite abysmal brutality saunter down-track to a telescoped flyer, licking their lips over the "swell dames" they are about to glimpse in airy attire. An anthology pronounced by a spectral figure labeled "the garbage man" as litters full of human wreckage are borne past, reads like a procession of headlines from the more ignoble section of our city press. The convulsions into which too vivid a description of a smothered steak can throw an all-night guest at Bryant Park, are feelingly described. An audience of two hundred, shivering in furs and upturned coat collars, listened to all this in the atmosphere of a cold-storage vault.

By insistence upon the pork-barrel element in life, Mr. Dos Passos may be only registering his own distaste. But he is also registering the date of his adolescence. There was a period for a few years before the war, when advanced young America (and there is no reason to believe advanced young Harvard was exempt) awoke to the necessity of ridding their social propaganda of any elements of idealism that adhered from other days and ways. Joe Ettor had just given his own young men the sublime slogan: "More pork-chops for the worker: fewer automobiles for Billy Wood!" Materialism was in the air. Syndicalism was infiltrating. The flannel-collared shirt was a gesture. Mental processes being strange and unaccountable affairs, it seems to have occurred to these adolescents that their message would gain in actuality and formidableness if Ruskinian symbols of sesame and lilies, Morris or Crane visions of emancipated youths and maidens in a perennial harvest home were scrapped, and if the message came, no longer from heart or brain, but frankly from the belly. "Haunch, paunch and jowl."

A volume might be written on all that has gone in consequence from the message of social righteousness. But one consideration is in order here. From the proposition that the virtue of the poor was a weakness to the axiom that the virtue of the poor was a fable, was only a step. A flood of books, plays, and satires, overwhelms us in which an attempt is made to erect into a philosophy the mere throes of those who stand outside ordered life, hoboes, bullies, and pimps—coveting and craving a larger share of its "good things"—too lazy to pay their tariff rates and too crass to forego them. Mr. Dos Passos's phantasmagoria is only the last and craziest in a long line, and it is none the less significant because its tempo is jazz and its obsessing moon turns out, in the end, to be not a gong at all but green cheese.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

BOOKS

The Travel Diary of a Philosopher, by Hermann Keyserling; translated by J. Holroyd Reece. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $10.00.

NOT often does one meet among one's contemporaries a mind of genuine distinction, for these are not given plentifully to any single generation. And when by good fortune such a one is encountered, the result is baffling. Where profundity is too deep to be easily plumbed, breadth too great to be easily measured, one is likely to be left stimulated, inspired perhaps, but confused. All that escapes classification remains as a disturbing problem.

Such a problem is, preëminently, Count Hermann Keyserling. He is too many-sided, too vastly fertile in ideas, to be caught in a phrase. How can one do justice in a brief review to an author every page of whose writing is full of subtle suggestions, psychological observations and philosophical reflections, theories and facts, opinions upon this, that, and the other—all, to make the matter worse, shown in a different light, with different connotations, on some ensuing page where the author's attitude and emphasis have shifted? The thing is clearly impossible. An adequate commentary on The Travel Diary of a Philosopher would be as long as the travel diary itself.

In one sense, when Keyserling calls himself a philosopher it is by royal right as one to the manner born; in another sense, he is no philosopher at all and would be the first to disclaim the title. For a philosopher, according to occidental ideas, is a master of theory, one who works by the light of reason alone, proceeding from syllogism to syllogism, buttressing his thought with logic, and rounding it out, if successful, into a coherent systematic whole. Keyserling long ago paid obeisance to this method in his earliest work, The Structure of the World, but of late years he has sought the goal through other ways.

Philosophy may be, as the Hindus have taught, not a theory of reality but an expression of reality, a record of the steps by which one passes from one level of thought to another, reaching at last, if successful, an immediate consciousness of ultimate meaning. It may be doubted if, as a matter of fact, even western philosophies have ever remained entirely satisfied with pure theory. A union of intuition and reflection is manifestly more desirable than either alone. To be able to realize every conceptual proposition in a direct intuitional experience, to be able to justify every intuition by universal laws of reason, such must remain for every profound thinker, the final though unattainable goal of philosophy. Far, indeed, is Keyserling from attaining it. In rejecting the ultimate value of consistency, as he does, he leaves his universe broken into parts, and leaves himself ununified, uncertain, a group of warring Keyserlings wrestling with one another. Yet, each Keyserling and each part of his world is throbbing with life, expressing itself dramatically and powerfully, experiencing richly, revealing marvelous separate insights and separate values which seem to strain beyond themselves toward an unreached unity.

The Travel Diary of a Philosopher is quite incomparable to any other book of travels ever written. It is at once an interpretive criticism of civilizations and religions, an exposition of a philosophy, and, above all, in the last analysis, an inner autobiography. The different parts and countries of the world do not mean primarily to Keyserling different places, climates, fauna or flora, but different racial cultures. Wherever he has traveled—in Ceylon, India, China, Japan, or the United

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States—his journey has lain through spiritual realms. Where other travelers, such as John Dewey and Bertrand Russell, for example, have been content to report contemporary political and industrial conditions, Keyserling seeks the typical inner attitude, the fundamental motivation of whole peoples. Not a word does he devote to the political significance of the British naval base at Singapore, the question of foreign concessions in China, or the dangers of Bolshevism throughout the East. He is willing to take seriously only the permanent things—nature, religion, art, and life. This attitude has its limitations, certainly—since politics and industry are not as irrelevant to the spirit as he assumes—but it leads to an unparalleled revelation of its own profounder realm.

Petty, indeed, seem the Nordic myth and the provincial conceit of the white races before the panorama of oriental civilizations which Keyserling unrolls before us. The placid Buddhists of Ceylon turning the self-renunciation of Gautama into an optimistic doctrine of peace within their self-chosen limitations; the high-hearted Rajputs of Jaipur still maintaining the honor of mediaeval feudalism; Islam strong in discipline and character; Brahmanism the most metaphysically profound of philosophies and cultures; China cautious, circumspect, and prudent, but saturated with morality; Japan living in a real harmony with nature unknown even to western poets—all these in turn are suffered to express their deepest aspirations through the voice of Keyserling.

Brahmanism and Confucianism receive the greatest attention. The general temper of the former is likened to that of Catholicism: "The Indian, whatever his belief may be in particular, thinks of the path to salvation in the Catholic manner. He condemns the search after independent ways; he regards trust in authority as the primary condition of all inner progress. . . . The choice is: either believing or free determination; either being a Catholic or a Protestant. And he who is intent upon beholding God will always choose the first alternative. All the mystics of the world were Catholics in their attitude; all contemplative natures are of a Catholic trend of mind. All great religious revelations have been given to spirits of Catholic tendency, and it will be like that for all time to come." Confucianism, on the other hand, based on a moral code rather than on a philosophy, is eminently Protestant. The church in China, as in Protestantism, is a practical external organization whose sole end is the direction of conduct. But it has at least succeeded in this limited aim. Chinese civilization has been based actually, not merely verbally, upon ethics; it has maintained itself by moral force virtually without soldiery or police; it has produced the happiest people. The Chinese not only possess a higher culture than Europeans or Americans, they live on a higher moral level.

What, then, is left for us? The future. In America, especially, despite our barbaric idealization of material success, despite the lowering effect of our democracy, the signs of hope are clearly discernible. We are attempting, however crudely, to spiritualize matter, to conquer nature for the well-being of humanity, and to combine prosperity with virtue. In us, even more than elsewhere in the white race, is to be found the struggle toward what Keyserling considers the ultimate ideal: "Instead of letting the recognition of their essential unity with Brahma, who wishes to manifest himself more and more fully in this world, develop into action by displaying initiative everywhere in accordance with the Divine will, the Indians merely watch how God helps Himself. We know nothing like as much as they do; but the teaching of Christ induces us to live unconsciously according to their knowledge. Thus we are more destined to action than they are. We are the hands of God. These hands, as hands, are blind, and their blindness has caused much mischief. But if one day they are guided by the spirit of recognition, it is they who will, in so far as it is possible at all, succeed in founding the kingdom of heaven upon earth."

The author of the travel diary has succeeded better than any other contemporary philosopher in giving himself the world as a background. But as one reads on, he finds oftentimes that he is, instead, seeing the world against a background of Keyserlings. There are many of these, but two stand out, intertwined in perpetual struggle. There is the intellectual, aristocratic Keyserling, lord of great estates in Rayküll, sensitive to the claims of authority and tradition, contemptuous of the fluidity of modern life without fixed standards, devoted for his own part to the eternal values of form and order and perfection. And then there is the expatriated, vitalistic Keyserling, who himself becomes the incarnation of this Protean fluidity, a relativist who sees religions and civilizations solely in terms of their adaptation to particular races.

Life, this Keyserling tells us, is the ultimate metaphysical reality. The assertion is false to the deepest wisdom of his Hindu masters who have always recognized being behind becoming; it is equally false to the teaching of Kant, which he accepts, that that which appears in time and space is phenomenal, not ultimately real. Vitalism is an advance on mechanism as an interpretation of this world, but it is no metaphysical principle. If so construed, it becomes only another form of naturalism, glorfying whatever happens in a more mechanical manner than mechanism itself. Again and again one of the Keyserlings declares that there is no necessary relation between being and becoming, between thought and action. Such a declaration is not a metaphysical solution but metaphysical despair. Reason and the intelligence cannot safely be so disdained.

The travel diary of a philosopher, if it is to be final, must include other journeys than those through the world and his own self, even though these be as rich as the Keyserling world and the Keyserling self. Otherwise he whirls round upon the wheel of life and like a dancing dervish moves to a meaningless rhythm. Nevertheless, Keyserling's diary remains of inestimable value as an expression of twentieth-century thought—reflecting the many-sidedness, the lack of centre, the aspirations, the insight, and the limitations of an epoch which chooses to look upon intelligence as the impotent child of life.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

The Mystics of the Church, by Evelyn Underhill. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

IN COMMENTING on James Henry Leuba's Psychology of Religious Mysticism, the Catholic World said: "The essential handicap under which the author labors is that he lacks a reliable principle by which genuine mysticism may be distinguished from the counterfeit." Evelyn Underhill very definitely has such a principle, and it may be summed up in a single word—service. She defines mysticism as "a direct intuition or experience of God," and as "the life which aims at union with God." She emphasizes the second since "these terms—life, aim, union—suggest its active and purposive character; the fact that true Christian mysticism is neither a philosophic theory nor a name for delightful religious sensations, but that it is a life with an aim."

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It is a stern ideal of mysticism which the author presents. What for many has seemed the end is for her but the beginning: "That more or less vivid experience of God which may come early in the mystic's career, and always awakens a love and a longing for Him, is, so to speak, only the raw material of real mysticism. It is in the life and growth which follow upon this first apprehension, the power developed, the creative work performed, that we discover its true value and its place in the economy of the spiritual world."

This ideal of altruistic service is no arbitrary standard for mysticism set up by Evelyn Underhill. One need only turn to the writings of the mystics themselves to see that the idea of giving out of their fulness was inherent in their very consciousness of that fulness. "There is no perfect virtue—none that bears fruit—unless it is exercised by means of our neighbor." (Saint Catherine of Siena.) "Our merit does not consist in enjoyment, but in work, in suffering, and in love." (Saint Theresa.) "The love of God is never idle, for it constrains us to follow the way of the Cross." (Angelo of Foligni.) "The embrace of divine contemplation must be often interrupted in order to give nourishment to the little ones, and none may live for himself alone, but for all." (Saint Bernard of Clairvaux.) "Let each one reflect that just so much does he advance in all spiritual things, as he goes out from self-love, self-will, and self-interest." (Saint Ignatius Loyola.)

The Mystics of the Church achieves a comprehensive history of Christian mysticism through the glowing pageantry of the lives of these vision-haunted men and women. From Saint Paul to Lucie-Christine they file past us, in robes for the most part poor and without color, but radiant, none the less, with that light which never was, on sea or land. In this as in her other books, Evelyn Underhill has been particularly successful in recreating the mediaeval Catholic mystics in all their sincerity and naïveté. Jacopone da Todi, Saint John of the Cross, and Richard Rolle kneel before the same altar against the background of their different native lands. The two Saint Catherines, by such different paths and from such different starting-points, reach the same goal. The better-known saints are sketched in less fully, but a lovely legend of Saint Francis from Pierre Pettignano creeps in. He saw in vision "a superb procession of apostles, saints, martyrs, with the Blessed Virgin at their head; all walking carefully and scrutinizing the ground with much earnestness, that they might tread as nearly as possible in the very footsteps of Christ. At the end of this pageant of the Church Triumphant came the little shabby figure of Francis, barefoot and brown-robed; and he alone was walking easily and steadily in the actual footprints of Our Lord."

The highest type of mystic, the author finds within the Church, subordinating his will before, and interpreting his visions according to its authority. There have always been two forms of Christian mysticism, in some individuals sharply differentiated, in others almost completely merging. The theocentric, those "whose dominant spiritual apprehension is of the absolute being of God" may be illustrated by Saint Augustine and Saint Catherine of Genoa. The Christocentric, those whose inner life "is controlled by their sense of a direct personal communion with Our Lord," finds its most notable example in Saint Francis. The perfect balance of the two strains appears in Saint Paul and Saint Theresa. In tracing the development of the mystical nature, Evelyn Underhill brings out the fact that most of those who have achieved union with God have trodden with but slight deviation the specific road that has come to be known as the mystic way. This is in keeping with her contention, amply proven, that the true Christian mystic is "no religious free lance independent or contemptuous of tradition." The three stages of the mystic way have had different names in different ages but, under whatever terminology, the essential forms of experience have remained the same. The present author adopts the generally accepted terms: purgation—"purification of character and detachment from earthly interests"; illumination—"peaceful certitude of God, and perception of the true values of existence in His light"; union—"perfect and self-forgetting harmony of the regenerate will with God."

In contrast to the earlier works of Evelyn Underhill—Mysticism, The Mystic Way, The Essentials of Mysticism—which approached the subject from a more academic point of view, the present volume will appeal to all readers with an interest in the spiritual, and an appreciation of the beautiful as manifested in human life. The author has an unerring instinct for quotations that intrigue and lead to a desire for knowledge of the original works. This is made easily possible by an excellent chapter by chapter bibliography. The magic of the names of these mystical writings are an invitation in themselves: The Cloud of Unknowing, The Dark Night of the Soul, Quia Amore Langueo, The Mending of Life, The Flame of Living Love.

GLADYS CHANDLER GRAHAM.

The Jews of Eastern Europe, by Arnold D. Margolin. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

AMONG the numerous works and propaganda periodicals that have flooded the American presses, those of the Jews have not been wanting. In New York, where the race has settled in large numbers, it has taken on such an attitude of self-consciousness and reliance upon its own powers that these "apologias pro vita sua" strike the average reader as unnecessary and marked with a touch of flourish. Throughout the United States where the Jewish communities are less numerous, such publications will find a more appropriate field.

Dr. Margolin states correctly that "the Jewish people have suffered more than all other peoples from easily spreading words that fall glibly from lying tongues." The charges against them have been characterized by an excess that has fallen back on the heads of their accusers, but has left the core of their objections untouched and unanswered. A visitor some few years ago to Kaunas, the capital of Lithuania, was astounded to find at least one-half of the city given over to the Jews; four out of the five shops on the main streets occupied by proprietors who could speak no other language than the idiom we have come to know as Yiddish; the business of the town was suspended on numerous Hebrew holidays, and continued on the Christian festivals; the entire male population of Lithuania was under arms; the entire Jewish population huddled apart without national emblems, uniforms or service in the army or state.

When the President of the Lithuanian republic was asked concerning this condition, he replied smoothly that the Jews are not a fighting people and that the native Lithuanians refused to serve with them in the armies. On hearing an account of the drafting of the Jews of New York, of their acceptance of the military law, their service side by side with other Americans in the ranks, and of their renewed pride and interest in the flag under which they served, the President raised his hands with a gesture of helplessness and transmitted the question. It seemed to the travelers that every second

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child was being prepared for immigration and regarded the American visitor with eyes of unreserved brotherhood and some envy.

Now here they are, good citizens and bad, Bolsheviks, some of them, perforce, as Dr. Margolin admits, through the pressure of prejudices and economic necessities; here they are, facing new problems of exclusion, new calumnies, and new objections, not always without foundation; here with a newly created language that is asserting its literature and program in face of the fact that English is the proper letter-mark of our citizenship.

Dr. Margolin gives a very interesting statement regarding the various racial elements that compose the Jewish communities of today—descendants of the Turanians, Tartars, or Mongols, mixed with Semitic strains. His title, The Jews of Eastern Europe, restricts him from discussing the intermingling of Italian, German, and French blood which is also evident in many of our American Jews. He deviates somewhat when he says: "Most recently on the list of contemporaries who actively identify their ancestral stock with the first days of American history are the Jews—Luis de Santangel, favorite of King Ferdinand and head of Spain's financial system, was most prominent amongst those who strove to have the Spanish monarchs facilitate the first voyage of Columbus. Louis de Santangel continued his influence with the King and gave from his private purse to equip the little fleet." Now this financial adviser was a Catholic, who was entrusted with the funds of the Holy Brotherhood, and Dr. Margolin's statement regarding his private purse is entirely "a new one." Moreover, there was nobody on board the fleet of Columbus who was not a Catholic, whatever may have been his blood.

There are chapters on Jewish letters, the Yiddish Theatre and even the tribute to Benny Leonard and Lew Tendler, the Jewish Telegraphic Agency in the interests of the Jews in London, Paris, Berlin, and Jerusalem. In a study of old and new immigrants, Dr. Margloin tells us: "It is obvious that this [new] class of emigrants was composed entirely of city inhabitants. As for the peasants, they could not, under existing conditions, sell out their farms and flee. There is only one group that finds employment without much trouble—musicians and singers, men as well as women—physicians and dentists." He ends his volume with the words: "It may be that among the children of these 'new immigrants' growing up in this country there will be found good timber for future American citizenship. The overwhelming majority of them, however, are definitely lost to Jewry, like so much denationalized dust."

THOMAS WALSH.

The Tragedy of Hungary, by Louis K. Birinyi. Cleveland: Published by the author.

THIS is certainly an interesting book, but at the same time it is an exasperating and puzzling one. The first thing which strikes the reader is that it must be a propaganda work, and, of course, this does not help to make it sympathetic, at least to the reviewer, who is always inclined to look with some suspicion upon books written for the purpose of only presenting one side of a question. Yet, one must own that in the volume referred to, this propaganda is mixed up with so much that is instructive, that one can forgive the polemical tone in which it is conceived.

The first hundred pages are calculated to teach to the outsider much he would never have learned if he had not read

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them. It is the second part of the work to which I object, first because I think it entirely Utopian; and, second, because I find some inaccuracies in it, which are evidently intentional and, therefore, compel me to consider the entire conception of the volume as unworthy of belief. And this would be wrong, for there is undoubtedly much that is true in the arguments that are brought forward, arguments that would have far more authority if they were free from a bias of partiality which pervades the entire book. Why, for instance, revive the old, exploded story, invented by the British publication called John Bull, and its discredited editor, Horace Bottomley, the sensational story of the murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his consort having been paid for by the Serbian Government, and directed by the British Secret Service connected with the Serbian Legation in London? This is so absurd that one cannot imagine any serious historian even mentioning it, or trying to make his readers believe that if such a plot had existed, those who had conceived it would not have taken precious good care not to leave any traces of it behind them, or used official government paper to record it on.

Equally absurd is the assertion that up to the time of the world war, Hungary was downtrodden by Austria, and had to do all that Austria commanded her to perform. After the year 1867 when Francis Joseph was crowned king of Hungary in Budapest, Hungarian influence became predominant in Vienna to such an extent that most of the Austrian diplomats and officials were Hungarians. It was Count Andrassy who was one of the most powerful figures in European politics and greatly responsible for the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, and where could one find a more fiery Hungarian than this statesman, who had risen to the position of prime minister of the dual monarchy, although he had been condemned to death during the rebellion of 1848?

When the world war broke out, the Austrian ambassadors in Paris, Berlin, and Saint Petersburg—Count Szechen, Mr. Szogenyi Marisch, and Count Szapary—were all Hungarians, and it was Hungary that dictated the whole policy of the Ball Platz in Vienna. Also, every influential personage in that country was in favor of the war, with the sole exception of Count Tisza, and he was murdered. This, however, does not make Hungary alone responsible for the catastrophe, and so far as the writer is aware, no one has attempted to do it. Therefore, it is entirely incorrect to try and protest, as the author of the book I am reviewing, is doing, against the assertion nobody ever made, that it was Hungary who started the terrible struggle on her own responsibility.

I also cannot agree with the conclusions he comes to. They are merely repetitions of old accusations now exploded, that "it was the invisible power which is now controlling Europe," that brought about the cataclysm from which the universe has not yet recovered. This is out of place in a serious book. Equally absurd is the suggestion that "America ought to demand the immediate payment of all the European debts due to this country, and that if payment is refused, the American government ought to proceed to confiscate all the European owned bank deposits in American banks, and all the investments made by European investors in this country, and then apply the same to the payment of the debt due to this country." Such a remark is sufficient in itself alone to discredit a whole book.

But, all the same, the historical part of this strange work is mightily interesting and deserves to be read carefully.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Doctor, you are a poet," said Miss Brynmarian, "and as such, how would you describe my new stockings?"

Dr. Angelicus, startled, looked up from his book to see Miss Brynmarian pointing to hosiery that was undeniably resplendent.

The Doctor, who prides himself on being equal to any occasion, blinked only once before replying—

"Easter finery, I presume. I don't see anything the matter with it, but neither do I see the connection between poets and hosiery."

"Ah, but then you don't read the advertisements," said Miss Brynmarian. "If you did, you would realize that the channels your honorable craft has been wont to follow through the centuries, are in grave danger of being diverted from aesthetic ones to those of mere vulgar publicity."

"It is sacrilege to mention poetry and advertising in the same breath," said the Doctor severely, "and only one of your flippant generation would dare do so."

"Dear Doctor, you are so behind the times," said Miss Brynmarian, patronizingly. "Read this advertisement that came with my new stockings, and tell me your opinion—viewed, I mean, from the poetical angle."

"The stockings or the advertisement?" asked Angelicus.

* * *

For answer Miss Brynmarian thrust a pink-tinted pamphlet under his nose, and Doctor Angelicus read—

" 'The Dyes of March: New fabrics, wierdly delightful, new colors of prismatic brilliance to go with the kinetic silhouette. And then stockings which, as every woman knows, can either make or mar the costume. Seven colors: Sea Spray—green as the crest of a wave or the new tendril of a vine. Bluette—a hazy blue, like the sky in June. Rose Marie—pink roses, bathed in sunlight. Moonlight—a soft, vague, yet radiant grey. Shadow—grey and mysterious, like a night in Venice. Woodland Rose—dusky roses in forest depths. Mauve-Taupe—mauve one moment, taupe the next; changeable as a chameleon . . . or a woman.'

"And which shade do your stockings represent?" asked the Doctor, looking up over his scholarly glasses.

"I chose," said Miss Brynmarian, eyeing with approval one silken ankle, "Sea Spray."

The Doctor returned to the pamphlet for reference. "Green as the crest of a wave. Hum—I see. The rolling waves and the rolled stockings—very pretty association of ideas."

"Rolling has nothing to do with the case," said Miss Brynmarian. "I chose that shade because spring is here, and I always feel on the crest of the wave at this season—and feelings and looks should always match."

"Ah, yes," commented the Doctor, gravely. "Moreover, I admit that poetry appears to be in a decadent stage, wasting its golden fire on the advertising of hosiery. It is shocking."

"No, stocking," corrected Miss Brynmarian.

* * *

"Not only is poetry being demoralized by these feminine articles of apparel, but the heretofore dignified procedure of our judicial system as well," complained the Doctor. "Here is a clipping from a recent newspaper which states—

" 'The annual upkeep of silk stockings among jurywomen in the court house at Mays Landing has risen to such alarming proportions, it is reported that women jurors have complained to court officials for relief. Investigation developed that the

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women jurors have become accustomed to draw their feet back under the chairs when changing positions during long trials. Many of the chairs had protruding bolts on the chair rungs which tore holes in the stockings. The complaint was then filed, and so were the bolts; but the court is now planning to install more comfortable chairs for the women jurors, as well as a foot-rail on which to rest their feet.'

"What dire times we are come upon," concluded the Doctor, "when women are allowed to upset the orderly procedure of our courts and our judges are compelled to give their valuable time to hearing complaints relative to the tearing of silk stockings!"

"Not at all," said Miss Brynmarian. "The judges probably enjoy it—for doesn't the report state that a foot-rail for the women jurors to rest their feet upon has been installed?"

"What of that?" asked the Doctor.

"Well, it doesn't say that the women jurors asked for one, does it?" said Miss Brynmarian. "And perhaps the judge felt he could see the new hosiery shades better that way."

"These sheer silk stockings are all stuff and nonsense, anyway," said the Doctor. "They lead to chronic red noses and laryngitis. Gone is the generation of sensible women who realized this, and wore heavy cotton or wool hose—severely black in tone."

"Now, Doctor, be honest," said Miss Brynmarian, sticking one foot out for him to inspect. "Would you really like to see my new Sea Spray stockings replaced by black cotton ones?"

"Well," said the Doctor guardedly, as he watched the sunlight playing over the silken sheen, "as long as you have them—I suppose you may as well wear them."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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